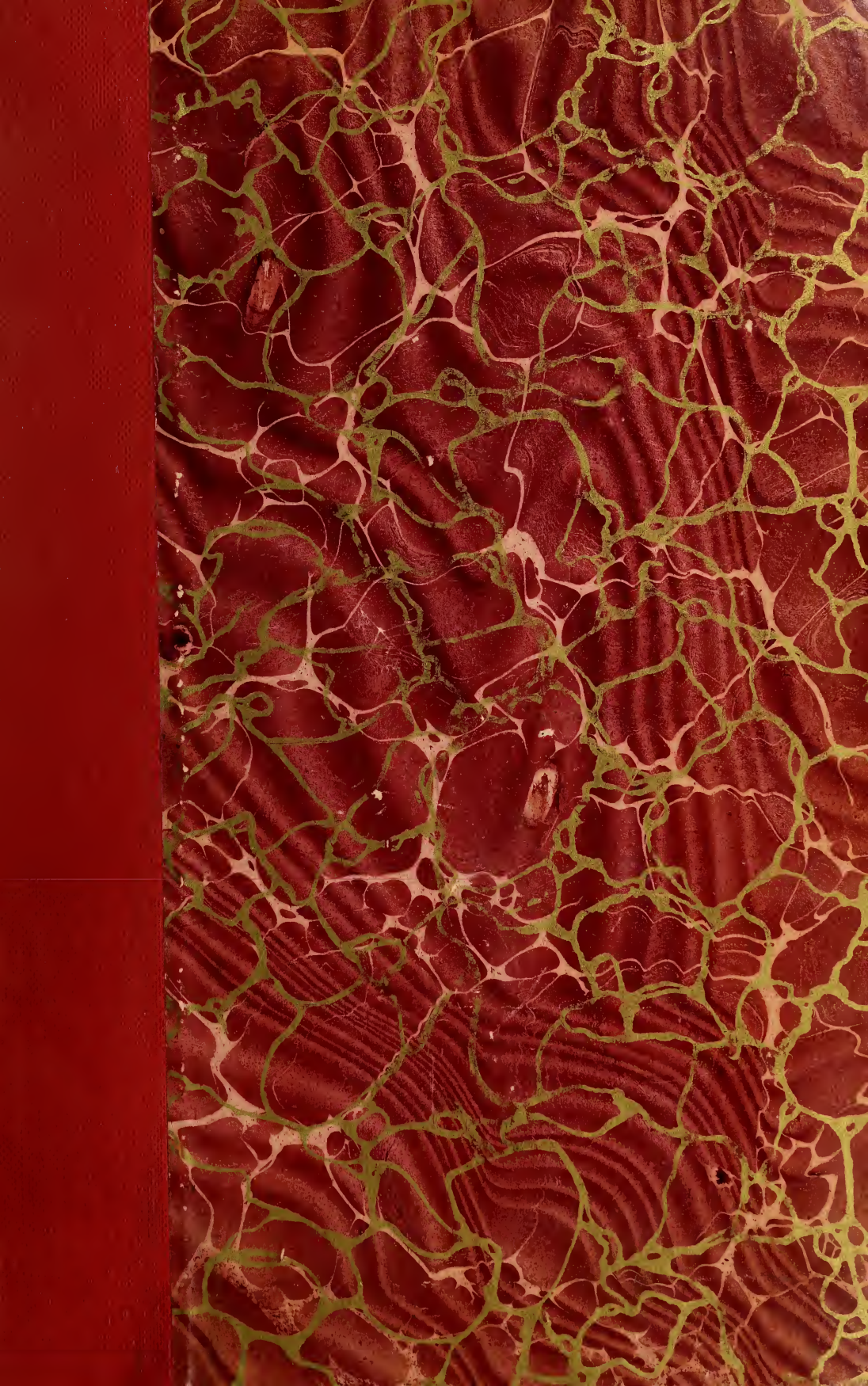




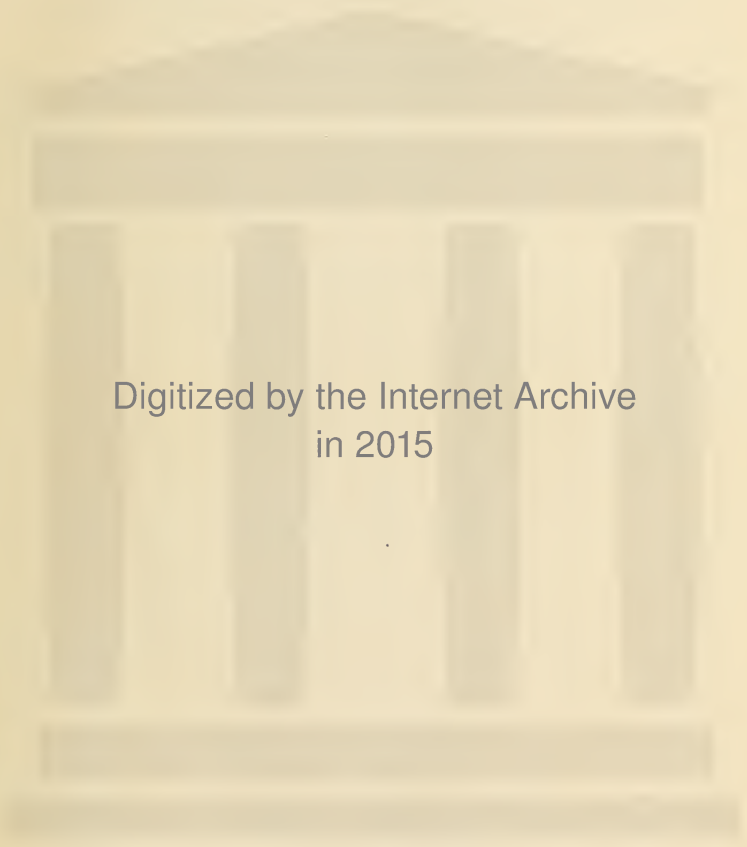
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PRICE TWENTY FIVE CENTS

The FENIAN RAID

into

CANADA

JUNE, 1866.

with a

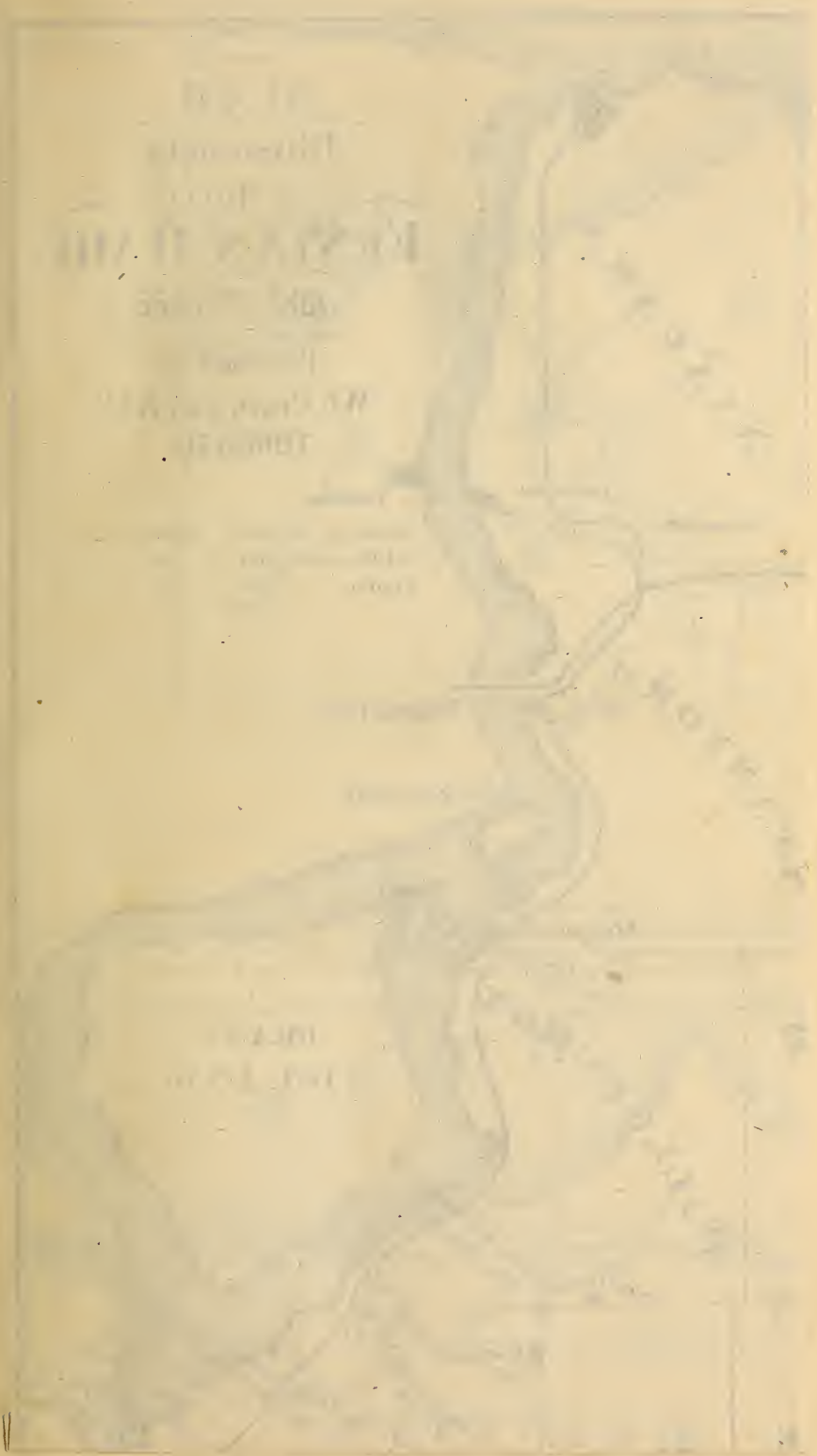
MAP

OF THE

NIAGARA PENINSULA.



W. C. CHEWETT & CO TORONTO.





W.C. Chewett & Co. Ltd. Toronto.

a Fenians landed June 1st
 b Fenian Camp which they broke up at 11 o'clock p.m. going down River to c Fenians camped till 4 a.m. June 2nd and then moved towards Ridgway
 d Fenians followed retiring Volunteers to this point.
 e International R.R. Ferry Wharf where a reinforcement of 200 Fenians fully supplied with arms, arrived just after midnight on the 2nd June,
 but were sent back by O. Veil as a number of his (O. Veil's) men, were then escaping to Buffalo by the same tug and scow.

THE FENIAN RAID

AT

FORT ERIE,

JUNE THE FIRST AND SECOND, 1866:

WITH A

MAP OF THE NIAGARA PENINSULA,

SHEWING THE ROUTE OF THE TROOPS;

AND A

PLAN OF THE LIME RIDGE BATTLE GROUND.

TORONTO:

W. C. CHEWETT & CO., KING STREET EAST.

1866.

PRINTED AT THE STEAM PRESS ESTABLISHMENT OF W. C. CHEWETT & CO.,
KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

CONTENTS.



PART I.—INTRODUCTORY.

	PAGE.
Fenianism in 1864.....	9
Before the Raid	16
Campo Bello Expedition	17
Stephens' and Roberts' dispute	19
Stephens on Canadian invasion	19
General Sweeney on the move	20
Exciting rumours	20
The Volunteer Militia called out	20
Number of the Fenian Forces and their Material	21
General Sweeney's impudence	22
Proclamation of General Sweeney	24
Proclamation of President Roberts.....	26
Seizure of arms by U. S. Government.....	27
The Fenians as they passed through Cleveland	27

PART II.—THE RAID AT FORT ERIE.

Premonitory symptoms	28
The Raid began.....	30
Numbers crossed.....	31
The Fenians in Canada	32
Preparations in Toronto.....	33
The Naval Brigade.....	35
The Volunteer Artillery	35
The Chicago Volunteers.....	36
Their arrival in Toronto	37
Their services accepted	38
The Governor General's thanks	38
Conversazione in their honour	38
Our men at work.....	40
The Fenians on Friday	41
A crisis at hand.....	42

	PAGE.
The Battle of Lime Ridge	42
Incidents of the Fight	51
The adventures of a "Queen's Own" man.....	54
Further incidents	54
Colonel Dennis's skirmish	54
Notes accompanying sketch of field of action.....	58
Military criticism	59
Colonel Peacock's detachment	63
Escape of the Fenians	65
The Fenian prisoners at Buffalo	66
Further alarm	67
The Roll of honour.....	69
Bringing back the dead	70
The Medical Staff	71
The Funeral.....	71
The moral of the Funeral	72
Feeling in other places.....	74
Other Funerals	74
More deaths	75
The Volunteer Fund.....	77

PART III.—APPENDIX.

Official Documents:

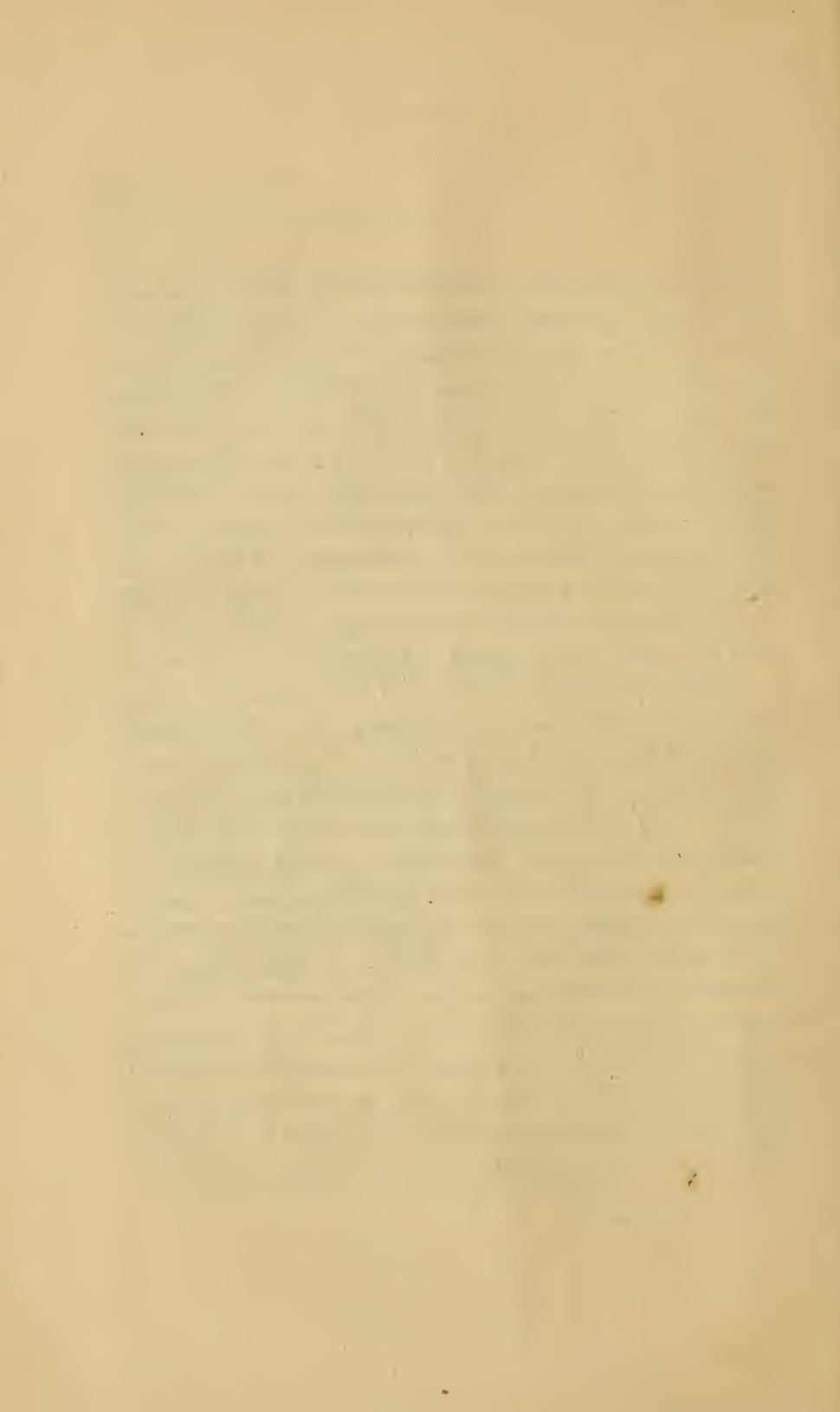
Commander in Chief's general order	78
Colonel Peacock's report	78
Lieutenant Colonel Booker's report	80
Colonel Lowry's report	81
Colonel Dennis's report	82
Captain Aker's report	86
Captain McCallum's report	88
Thanks of the Major Commanding.....	89
Thanks to the Naval Brigade	89
Col. Dennis's Engagement at Fort Erie.....	90
The Major-General and the Volunteers.....	90
Lord Carnarvon to Lord Monck.....	90

Miscellaneous Notices:

Ensign McEachren, by Rev. W. Stephenson.....	91
Private Tempest.....	91
A Proclamation by President Johnson.....	92
Treatment of the Fenian Dead.....	92
The Fenians and Catholicism.....	94
The Fenian Prisoners; A Letter from T. D'Arcy McGee	95

The Publishers, in issuing this account of the FENIAN INVASION, would explain, that their object has been to collect and place in a permanent form the most valuable portion of the information that appeared in our Newspapers during the raid. While they have arranged the matter chronologically, and have here and there supplied a connecting link, they have not sought to make it a rigidly continuous narrative; they think that at present the public will prefer to have the materials gathered together, out of which the future history may be constructed. It was the intention to give the particulars of the raid into Lower Canada also, and the materials for this were arranged, but the length to which the earlier part extended has excluded it. This would have shewn more clearly the collapse of the project, and with a sketch of the subsequent circumstances, and of the present position and aspects of Fenianism in the United States, would have formed a complete record of this important era in Canadian History. They have to acknowledge the courtesy of the Editors of the *Globe*, *Leader*, and *Telegraph*, in readily allowing the freest use of the articles which have appeared in their respective papers on the subject; and also to several officers and privates of the Queen's Own, who were present at Lime Ridge, for information and various suggestions. They would also acknowledge their indebtedness to HUGH SCOTT, Esq., for procuring them the very valuable plan of the Lime Ridge ground, showing the position of the Fenian forces, &c.; also for accompanying notes. They venture to say that nothing has yet appeared to render that conflict so clear and intelligible.

TORONTO, August 8, 1866.



FENIAN INVASION OF CANADA.

PART I.—INTRODUCTORY.

As a fitting introduction to the account of the Fenian Invasion, it may be well to glance at the imposture two years ago. We therefore extract from the pages of "*All the Year Round*" the following article on

FENIANISM IN 1864.

Not long ago a meeting was held in the Rotundo at Dublin to express the indignation of Young Ireland at a vote of the Dublin corporation, which gave a site upon College-green for a statue to the late Prince Consort. But although Young Ireland was left in quiet possession of that meeting, it did not choose to be quiet. There was no proud Saxon to lay low, so, at the mention of a name welcome to some patriots, but unwelcome to others, uprose a band of Fenians, tore off the legs of chairs and tables, smartly applied them to the heads of brother patriots, carried the platform by storm, and waved triumphantly the green tablecloth of Erin over a mad hullabaloo. This was a grand exhibition of the materials for that peculiar joint-stock society, "the Fenian Brotherhood," promoted by a few sharpers for the profitable cultivation of Irish flats. Appeal is made to the unreasoning love of a row still common among the uneducated Irish. The Irish faction against the English faction! Whew! what a grand fight it'll be! It would "electrify the world," says the editor of the *Chicago Fenian*, and it would be "one of the grandest events in history, because it would necessarily involve the overthrow of an Imperial system greater than any the world has seen since the fall of the Roman, perhaps greater than the Roman itself." If Hungary overthrew Austria, he goes on to show, five years hence, general history would give only five pages to the fact. If Poland overthrew Russia, five pages would be more than enough to tell that tale: but the overthrow of the British Empire, that would be grand indeed! The day Irishmen humble the haughty crest of England, they chain the glory of Ireland for ever to the stars. To this eloquent prophecy is added, "Who can doubt the ultimate success of a cause, the undying faith in which is cherished in the hearts of a people from father to son, and evident by acts time and again significant as the following:—" The following fact being, that the brothers John Patrick and Edward Gaffney have sent to the Irish National Fair, Chicago, "two pairs of boots, patent leather and morocco tops." Surely these patent leather boots of the Gaffneys, wherewith England is defied, are sublimer than the boots of Bombastes, that were not chained to the stars, but only hung from a tree:

Whoever dare these boots displace,
Must meet BOMBASTES face to face!

But what is the Irish National Fair, Chicago, to which it is so glorious a thing to have sent two pairs of patent leather boots with morocco tops?

Well; Chicago, on Lake Michigan, at the mouth of the Chicago River is the chief city of Illinois, of which the growth during the last thirty years has been so rapid as to be wonderful even in America. Ten years ago it was the largest primary grain depôt in the world, and its population, now of about one hundred and ten thousand, has trebled since that time. It trades with three thousand miles of coast line on the lakes, and has navigable water communication with the Mississippi and the sea: so that it can load a vessel at its wharves either for New Orleans or for Liverpool. Among the Irishmen in this town of Chicago, the "Fenian Brotherhood" professes to have its head-quarters. Here, certain flats and sharpers held in November last what was called the "First General Congress of the Fenian Brotherhood," whereat they resolved that this "Brotherhood" should be a fixed and permanent institution in America, with a head centre, state centres, and centres of circles; and that the object of its members should be "to gird their loins silently and sternly for the inevitable struggle that is approaching." This organisation in Chicago is opposed by the bishop of the Irish Catholics, as it is opposed in Ireland and America by the main body of the bishops and priests of the Irish Catholic Church, except only a few men like Father Lavelle, who described Prince Albert at the Rotundo meeting as "a German reviler of our creed and country, and the husband of a foreign queen." Oppressed as their Church truly is by a dominant Protestant establishment, which is the genuine cause of more than half the bad blood of the country, its honest efforts to check the "Young Irish" party in its wild course of sedition have been unintermitting, and made at some sacrifice of popular influence. Let us give to faithful servants of Christ who are not of our own communion, the honour due to them herein for Christian work. The Chicago Fenians scout the admonitions of their Bishop Duggan. "When the old world harness," says one magnificent spirit, "is attempted to be buckled tightly upon the Americanised Catholic mind, and the gear once fails, as in the case of the Fenians, it may as well be returned to the lumber-room, or used only for docile females and quiet old men, who from long training will not grow restive in the traces. We regard the Fenians as having achieved their first great step in the elevation of Irish nationality, by teaching a lesson to the priesthood which they will never forget, and the first of a series which, once taken, the rest will follow." The Americanised Irish sharper fully developed into a Fenian leader is a most eloquent creature; "rough he is, so air our bars; wild he is, so air our buffalors; but his glorious answer to the tyrant and the despot is, that his bright home is in the setting sun." Hear, for example, one of the two great managers of Fenian finance at Chicago, Messrs. Michael and John Scanlon, proposing at a "Fenian banquet," on Saint Patrick's Day, "the Day we Celebrate" (spelling is not one of the strong points of the *Chicago Fenian and National Fair Gazette*, wherefrom we quote), hear him tell how "our glorious pagan ancestry, rising above the things of earth, plucked the very sun from heaven, placed it in their banner, and marched to victory beneath its beams," or hear him praise the United States, and quote the Americanised Shakespeare. "States, where men walk earth in the light of freedom, with nothing twixt their souls and heaven, until the kings and titled nobility of earth appear as pigmies,

Cutting up such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep."

All hail to Messrs. Michel and John Scanlan ! These seem to have been the gentlemen who got up the other day at Chicago a Fenian Irish National Fair, which began on Easter Monday, and was to have a season of a week. There were sold for a dollar apiece season tickets of admission. "One dollar," said the announcement, "one dollar will aid the holiest cause that ever engaged the heart and brain of man," besides giving a chance of winning one of a thousand prizes to be drawn for : a rosewood piano, a diamond-cased lady's gold hunting-watch, a fine French clock, a silver plated tea-set, a meerschaum pipe, a sewing-machine, a dozen fiddles, five boxes of Havannas, two dozen sets of heavy plated spoons, or a marble bust of General Corcoran. Gifts of all kinds were to be sent from all parts for sale at the Fenian Fair, and the proceeds—ah, well, they would be invested in U. S. bonds until wanted.

These patriotic people call themselves a "Fenian Brotherhood," because Irish tradition says that the Fenians were an old militia employed to protect the Irish coasts from all foreign invaders. Each of the four provinces is said to have had its band or clan, Fionn and Oisin (Fingal and Ossian) being chiefs of one of the clans with which the other clans fought, till the institution came to its end pretty much in the same way as the meeting did the other day at the Rotundo. But there were Fenians in Scotland and North Germany as well as in Ireland, and, in fact, there is good reason to suppose that they were a distinct tribe of those Celts who preceded the Germanic races in occupation of the North German and Scandinavian shores. No matter for that. Tradition connects them with the best of the early Irish poetry as the home militia and coast-guard, composed of men of miraculous attainments : so nimble that they could walk over rotten sticks without breaking them : so fleet that each of them could outstrip in the race all "the rest" of his comrades : so brave that any one of them counted it equal battle to fight nine of any other nation. So here we have the Fenians again, though the boldest of them don't hold by the old traditional rule that prevented her militia from passing out of Ireland ; and in America they take one John O'Mahoney to be their Finn McCoul.

The professed object of this band of brothers is the national freedom of Ireland. The congress of November last began by proclaiming its determination to uphold the laws and constitution of the United States ; it then went on to say that, in consequence of the hostile attitude assumed by the English Oligarchy, merchants, and the press, towards the United States since the beginning of the civil war, hostilities between the two countries is imminent ; and they resolved that the younger members of the Brotherhood be drilled so as to be prepared to offer their services to the United States when these begin their war with England. Ireland at present being the vanguard of America against British aggression, "her organised sons keeping watch and ward for the United States at the thresholds of the despots of Europe, nay in their very citadels," it was resolved that the Brotherhood is open to every man who is loyal to the principles of self-government, and will oppose the emissaries of foreign despotisms who would feign (Fenian spelling again) crush the growth of republican principles, and stop the onward march of freedom. The preamble to another resolution admits the existence of dissension among the Brotherhood, and it is therefore resolved that American politics and religious questions shall

be excluded from their councils. It asserts that it is not a secret, nor an oath-bound, society; and, as certain circles have adopted a form of pledge capable of giving colour to a contrary assertion, the following form is recommended for general adoption:

"I —— solemnly pledge my sacred word and honour as a truthful and honest man, that I will labour with earnest zeal for the liberation of Ireland from the yoke of England, and for the establishment of a free and independent government on Irish soil; that I —— will implicitly obey the commands of my superior officers in the Fenian Brotherhood; that I will faithfully discharge the duties of my membership, as laid down in the Constitution and By-Laws thereof; that I will do my utmost to promote feelings of love, harmony, and kindly forbearance among all Irishmen; and that I will foster, defend and propagate the aforesaid Fenian Brotherhood to the utmost of my power."

The statement that the Brotherhood is not a secret or oath-bound society, put forth to evade, if possible, the opposition of the Irish clergy, can hardly be reconciled with a subsequent admission that there is an "inner circle," an unnamed council of ten, who direct the proceedings of the Brotherhood, and who are not called upon "to make any report as to the methods and means by which they are endeavouring to carry forward the avowed ends of the Brotherhood." The Bishops of Pennsylvania and Chicago having denounced the Brotherhood, a deputation was appointed to wait on the latter, with whom a conversation took place, much too long to be given even in substance. The bishop, however, said that they had a most atrocious oath, and for that reason he had refused to send their contributions in aid of the poor in Ireland. That Archbishop McHale had accepted this money sent through another channel did not surprise him, on the contrary, it would have surprised him if he hadn't. The bishop further said that Mr. Smith O'Brien was opposed to such societies; that the leaders of the Brotherhood were unknown to him, that their actions "are not sufficiently before us to know what they are doing. *And we do not know what is done with the money raised in this society.*" The italics occur in the report. Finally, the bishop pronounced that the British government in Ireland is a legal government, and that it is a crime against the Church to attempt to overthrow it.

As to the sentiments and present position of the Irish race abroad and at home, we are told that it is pervaded by a profound love of Ireland, and "by an intense and undying hatred towards the monarchy and oligarchy of Great Britain, which have so long ground their country to the dust, hanging her patriots, starving out her people, and sweeping myriads of Irish men, women, and children off their paternal fields, to find a refuge in foreign lands," and that the best way of gratifying the hatred of Great Britain is, for Irishmen to cultivate brotherly feeling, good will, and mutual forbearance. Fenians who are not aware of the fact, will be glad to learn that the "men of Irish birth and lineage now dwelling on the American continent hold, at present, a more powerful position among the peoples of the earth, in point of numbers, political privileges, social influence and military strength, than was ever before held by any exiled portion, not alone of the Irish nation, but of any subjugated portion whatsoever;" while in the very same document they are told that, "in the hard battle of the exile's life the race is dying out, and the present moment is that in which the Irish element has reached its greatest development." The final

resolution is given in the boldest type, and runs thus : " THAT WE DECLARE THE SAID IRISH PEOPLE TO CONSTITUTE ONE OF THE DISTINCT NATIONALITIES OF THE EARTH, AND AS SUCH JUSTLY ENTITLED TO ALL THE RIGHTS OF SELF-GOVERNMENT."

But this absurd society must be more numerous in America than an Englishman, with fair regard for Irish sense would imagine, or we should not have Mr. Blair, the Postmaster-General of the United States, writing to the Secretary in this style :

" Washington, February 9th, 1864.

" Cor. Sec. I. N. Fair.

" DEAR SIR,—Herewith I send you a cheque for twenty-five dollars as a small contribution to the Irish National Fair. I have always sympathised warmly with Ireland, and rejoice in the conviction, which daily grows stronger, that the days of her oppressor—the haughty and heartless British aristocracy, are numbered. To the cold-blooded, calculating policy of this odious class we owe the planting of slavery on this continent, and consequently all the horrors we have witnessed in the war which now shakes the continent. Let us triumph in this struggle, and there will soon be an end put to the sway of the oppressors of Ireland, and both parties so understand it, for whilst the Irish with the gallant Mulligan, Meagher, and other true sons of Ireland are armed for the cause of free government, the British aristocracy, with scarcely an exception, openly sympathise with the rebels, and this, notwithstanding their affected horror of slavery, for the perpetuation of which the rebels are fighting.

" Yours truly,

" M. BLAIR."

The governor of Illinois writes in a similar strain, and Fernando Wood, the member of the House of Representatives, sends a cheque for a hundred dollars, and says : " I would give all I am worth, if, by so doing, I could advance the cause of Irish nationality to a successful completion." The Hon. Fernando probably means all he possesses. His expression, carried out literally, would not add much to the funds of the society. The senator from Michigan gives his sympathy to the movement. The governor of Minnesota sends a contribution with a letter, in which he says he is for the freedom and nationality of Ireland." Colonel Mulligan, writing from the Head-Quarters of the Second Division sends a hundred dollars, and will when the union of the States is solidly settled, give his assistance in establishing Irish nationality. Brigadier-General Julius White, writing with exceeding bitterness against those statesmen who rise in their Legislative Halls (meaning the British Houses of Parliament) and encourage and defend the traitorous villains who are making America flow with blood, prophesies that Irishmen fighting Freedom's battle shall yet hear its thunders on their native shore. The Speaker of the House of Representatives is a contributor to the amount of twenty dollars. Major-General Pleasanton is another ; so also is Brigadier-General Montgomery, whose donation is accompanied with the charitable hope that, " with the blessings of Providence, not only our individual but national efforts may teach England a salutary lesson of retribitional justice, resulting in securing to Ireland the inalienable boon, &c." Sundry soldiers of the United States army do not limit the testimony of their sympathy to mere words, but send contributions ranging in amount from one to five dollars.

A great meeting of the Brotherhood was held in California, at which a Mooney acknowledged that he had always found Englishmen hospitable, just, and generous, but, as regards Ireland, that " every year the people raise abundant food from their soil—but every year the ships of her op-

pressor come into her harbours, and, like buccanneers, carry off by force the food which Providence has planted in her rich soil for her inhabitants, and her people are obliged to put round the hat in helpless mendicancy to the world. But they have vowed on the top of Slivenamon, in Ireland, to beg food no longer, to petition the Queen no longer, but to arise, organize, and on the gory field assert their independence. They may rise or they may fall, but they will never beg again. (Great cheering.) Mr. Mooney said he was good for one rifle, and there were twenty thousand Irishmen in California who could and would each of them send a rifle to Ireland, yea, even their brave hearts." He concluded a stirring address by suggesting "an immediate commencement of the work, and the sending to the fair at Chicago a golden brick and a few silver bricks of California metal. (Cheers.)

At this meeting it was announced that Miles D. Sweney was willing to contribute one thousand dollars to the cause. This was the signal for a great outburst of applause, and "three cheers were given for Miles, who was immediately voted the bulkiest of the contributors." In return for a contribution of five hundred and seven dollars from the Nineteenth Illinois Regiment, the editor of the Fenian prays that "when the terrible day of reckoning with England comes, God in his infinite goodness may vouchsafe that these noble veterans may have the full measure of their desire granted—to be in at the settlement." The men of another regiment are only waiting the termination of the American war to "flesh their bayonets in corpulent Mr. Bull.

Among the articles contributed by Ireland to the fair are three photographic portraits by the venerable Archbishop McHale; "a Whole Irishman" sends a moire antique gent's vest; others send a piece of Lord Edward Fitzgerald's coffin; a pocket-handkerchief; an Irish MS.; a few numbers of Punch; sundry '98 pikes and shillelaghs; a jar of whiskey which had not paid the excise duty; a bog-oak negligee; a copy of a letter from France on Irish bravery; a sword picked up on Bunker's Hill by an Irish-English soldier; a pistol used in '98; a lump of stone, on which the broken treaty was signed by the illustrious Sarsfield; a bird's-eye view of the Protestant Reformation; a pair of lady's boots worked with a '98 pike; a Scotch claymore taken in Wexford in '98; a large doll, dressed as the Tipperary man's dark-haired Mary; a sod of Wolfe Tone's grave; a watch-pocket, worked by lady who hopes that it will be worn next a manly heart, that fondly throbs for Fatherland; a portrait of St. Patrick; a horn of a Mangerton stag; a bit of the Atlantic cable; a photograph of Emmett in one of his pensive moods; a pair of rose-coloured cork slippers; a flag, which "has been noticed by some of our alien rulers in both Houses of Parliament as a most rebel flag, with language in an unknown tongue;" a gross of pies "specially manufactured for the fair;" a curious bone, found on the island of Inchidonnny; "the crowbar used by the drummer bailiff when he headed the crowbar brigade in this district in the years '46-'48." This is the gift of one of the brigade, who has repented of his share in the cruel work of desolation, by which so many a cheerful homestead has been left a sightless ruin, and numbers of people have been driven from their homes, and forced to fly to foreign lands, or to the work-house, where at that time certain death awaited them. There has been sent also a grand blackthorn stick cut from over the graves of the ancient Britons buried in Ireland. A large number of odd volumes of books

were contributed. "Donations of food in any quantity," it was announced, "will be gratefully received. Beef, mutton, lamb, veal, bacon, ham, pork, sausages, fowls, turkeys, geese, chickens, game, raw or cooked, fish and vegetables of all sorts, cakes and pickles, fruit and vinegar, anything, in fact, that will tend to the comfort of the visitors and the increase of the receipts, and the further it has to travel and the greater the quantity, the more highly it will be valued."

The fair was to be opened by the governor of Illinois, and for the entertainment of visitors there were to be theatrical performances, concerts, lectures, &c., &c. "Ireland's gifted daughter," Miss T. Esmonde, was to give poetical and patriotic readings; "the soldier and patriot," T. F. Meagher, to make an address; and "the committee were also negotiating for, and hoped to be able to conclude the necessary arrangements to give a grand billiard tournament by those celebrated Irish knights of the cue, Messrs. Phelan, Cavanagh, Tieman, and Foley;" while mere sight-seers might have the gratification of visiting Colonel White's museum, where "they will see two millions of curiosities, including the invisible lady."

All this sounds very comical, but there is a tragic side of it, not, indeed, for England, but for the warm-hearted people among the untaught masses of Ireland, who are thus misled. The Fenian chiefs are themselves no better taught than the majority of sharpers. They write about "blessings and boquets," and "auxiliary entertainments," and everywhere, in distorted ill-spelt language, scatter their wicked perversions of the truth. What Irishman of modern intelligence does not know how heartily England strove to allay the distresses of the Irish famine of 1847-8, yet thus a "smart" Fenian ventures to play on the credulity of his poor victims.

"England, with the cold, malignant ingenuity of an incarnate fiend, has laid down the sword for the *famine*, and the fire for the *pestilence*, and with these agents, these purely English agents, has now reduced our destruction to the certainty of a mathematical problem. Four or five years of such successful famine as 1847-8 would have rid England of all her troubles. But the destruction was too horrible. The world stood appalled at a whole nation perishing of want in the midst of plenty, and the plan was modified to suit the advanced civilisation of the age, and at the present rate it will take fourteen or fifteen years to blot the Irish race from its native land. Oh! countrymen, it was not thus in the days when the men of Ireland, with their keen battle-axes and trusty swords, defended the fields they cultivated and manured them with the corpses of the invaders."

Eighty years ago, Sir Jonah Barrington said of his countrymen, that "nine-tenths of the whole population would rather fight than let it alone." And the love of fighting somebody or anybody, still appears stronger in Irishmen in Ireland than it does elsewhere; no matter when or where or what about, they are always ready. One the other day knocked down his comrade without provocation, and on being asked by him, "Pat, what did you strike *me* for?" replied, "Shure, Mick, and ef I struck you myself, I wouldn't let any other man do it." One may observe them at either race, or fair, or pattern, sitting as uncomfortable as possible when all is quiet, turning suddenly at the slightest noise, as if it might be the happy forerunner of a blow, and apparently grudging every minute that slips by, as if they thought it was all lost time when not

Fighting like devils for conciliation,
And hating each other for the love of God.

In days gone past we had Ribbonmen and Whiteboys, with their Captains "Starlight," "Moonlight," and other more ominous names, and now we hear of the drilling that goes on after dark in different parts of Ireland, sticks representing muskets, with which Fenian volunteers go through the "manual and platoon exercise," march and counter-march, form line, and from that close column, and then deploy again. We all know that in the month of February, Irishmen were dressed in American uniforms, that they showed themselves so attired in public, and were said to be members of the Fenian Brotherhood, and there are thousands of men, Fenians at heart, who did not appear in uniform. We know, also, that hundreds have been drilling in various parts of the south of Ireland, and when more offensive weapons are convenient, the former drilling with shillelaghs will render them certainly the more dangerous. The Dublin correspondent of the *Times* wrote on the 23rd February: "I learn that a number of the most intelligent and respectable among the mechanics of this city are enrolled in the 'Brotherhood of St. Patrick,' and they are avowedly training an army to co-operate with the Americans when they come to invade this country." True as it is that no Fenian army, even if it sailed from the American shores, would ever reach this side of the Atlantic, it is not folly to see and lament that these poor men have become tools of designing fanatics.—*All the Year Round*, 4th June, 1864.

BEFORE THE RAID.

It would occupy far too much of our space to dwell on the development of Fenianism in the United States, and the main facts have been so recently before the public, that there is no necessity for us so to do. Col. John O'Mahony at first exercised absolute sway over the Circles and Centres throughout the length and breadth of the land, appeals were made *ab lititum* on behalf of Ireland "the oppressed and down-trodden," and as a result, the result that was desired, money flowed freely into the Fenian Exchequer. Then came the renting of the Moffatt-Mansion in Union Square, New York, and the investment of Bridget and Pat's money in Turkey carpets, gorgeous mirrors, elegant furniture, patent leather boots, and "the cratur" without stint." This was of course exceedingly satisfactory to those engaged in it, the "ins" were convinced that it was the right way to liberate Ireland, but unfortunately for the permanence of the arrangement, there were some "outs" also; and they took a foolish notion that they ought to have a share in the plunder, and so, words of terrible import to O'Mahony, the "Senate" rebelled, they summoned O'Mahony to appear before them and give an account of his Stewardship, which he declining to do they formally deposed him and elected in his stead a Mr. Roberts, an ex-dry goods man of New York. Many of the Centres however adhered to O'Mahony, thenceforth there were two Richmonds in the field, each stumping the country on the interesting mission of getting all the money he could. As it was necessary for the leaders of the Senate party to have some other ostensible policy besides wanting to handle the cash, they dubbed themselves "the party of action," and declared their intention of invading Canada and making it a basis against Ireland! Round this standard flocked all the rascality of the rebellion; all the marauding cut-throats who had found their occupation gone on the collapse of the

Southern insurrection, rejoicing at the prospect of an attack upon the peaceful homes of Canada. A real live General was found to become the military head of the movement, and Sweeney became the hero of the hour. So matters went on for some time, the O'Mahony party all the while losing strength, and the Roberts faction acquiring it. This is not surprising, for however mad and impracticable the schemes of this latter section was, they had the merit of being definite and determined. It is natural to like something definite to be placed before the mind when action is intended, and when that "something" was a "fight," the attraction to the Celt was irresistible. So with these two reasons combining—the hope of plunder to some, and the love of a fight to others—it came to pass that in March last the O'Mahony party found themselves nearly snuffed out. Long, no doubt, and anxious, were the deliberations in their councils, what was to be done to restore their prestige, what to defeat and out-general the "rebels," what above all thing to reconduct the stream of contributions into their coffers. At length a bright idea dawned on the mind of O'Mahony's faithful henchman, Dorian Killian, they too would become a party of action, they too would invade, they would give the green flag to the wind and plant it on the soil of the tyrants; here was their hope, their salvation, the Head Centre hesitated, and was opposed to their principles that the first blow should be struck in Ireland; he hesitated, and true to the proverb, he was lost, doubtfully, as he afterwards told us (when the thing was a failure) he consented to the

CAMPO BELLO EXPEDITION.

A short space will suffice to record all that is interesting of this fizzle. The following is a description of the Island:—

The island of Campo Bello, stretching north and south, at the entrance at the entrance of the Bay of Fundy, and at the mouth of the river St. Croix, which latter for many miles forms the boundary line between the State of Maine and the Province of New Brunswick. The island is about 10 miles in length, and, at its greatest width, measures probably three miles. It is indented all along its sides with numerous bays and inlets. One of these, called Harbour de Lute, almost divides it. The village of Welshpool is situated upon a bay of the same name somewhat to the south of the centre of the island, and nearly opposite the American town of Eastport. There is another and larger village, or rather collection of houses and fishing-huts, towards the north, which is called Wilson's Beech. The population is, for the most part, however, scattered along the west coast, and on the shores of the Harbour de Lute. The distance from Welshpool to Eastport is about three miles. Constant communication between the two places is maintained by means of a ferry-boat. The northern end of the island is separated from the flourishing little town of Lubec by a narrow channel, not more than an eighth of a mile across. The population of Campo Bello was, at the last census, about 1,500, but now it may be two thousand souls. The occupation of the people is principally fishing, which has in past years been to them exceedingly lucrative. The surrounding waters abound during the season in herring, shad, mackerel and codfish. Long lines of smokehouses, in which immense number of herring are cured for the American market, are discernable from the wharf at Eastport, and during the curing season the smoke,

which is to be seen curling from their numerous and dingy roofs, sometimes, from its density and a peculiar state of the atmosphere, throws such a halo around the island that it appears as if partly enveloped in a cloud.

Such is Campo Bello, towards which the movements of small bodies of Fenians from various points attracted the attention of the Government of the United States early in April last. Probably at no time was there more than 300 Fenians assembled at Eastport, Calais, Pembroke, and other villages. These arrived without arms, which were to be sent after them in a special vessel. Waiting these they accomplished a notable feat of arms. Six of them took a little boat, went over to Indian Island, pulled down the Newfoundland Custom House flag, and then telegraphed the news to New York, which was duly chronicled in sympathizing journals, under sensation headings, as "DARING FEAT! CAPTURE OF A BRITISH FLAG!" &c., afterwards, when the facts became known, to become a laughing-stock for the continent. The vessel with arms came to grief when it arrived at Eastport. It was seized by the United States authorities, and not permitted to proceed to the rendezvous. At the same time, a very unwelcome (to the Fenians) addition was made to the company, by the arrival at Eastport of General Meade and one hundred and sixty United States soldiers, with orders not to permit any breach of the neutrality laws. Meanwhile, three British vessels of war assembled in the St. Croix, and two American vessels, a large force of volunteers were stationed on the New Brunswick side of the river; and altogether, things began to look hopeless for Doran Killian and his deluded followers. In this extremity, he devised a scheme to embroil the two nations on the fishery question, and had the impudence to seek liberty from General Meade to arm the fishermen—this failed. Then, a Fenian dressed in U. S. uniform, being prevented crossing the bridge to St. Stephens, N. B., pulled out his pistol and fired at the sentry; he was arrested by the U. S. guard. It soon became evident to all that the thing was a miserable failure. There were these few hundreds of rascallions, without arms, food, or money to purchase it, about to attack the powers of Great Britain and the United States. Soon there were curses, loud and deep too, against their leaders. The mighty armada broke up, and, some by private and some by public assistance, they reached their homes again.

Of course, there was a pretty kettle-of-fish in Union Square. O'Mahoney and his lieutenant were a laughing-stock, and the prospects of Moffatt Mansion were gloomier than ever.

At this juncture Stephens, the H. C. I. R., who had escaped from jail in Dublin, and been for a time in Paris, arrived in New York. He had, from his retirement (?), sent his approval of O'Mahony, and great were the hopes of the faction at his appearing. But he frowned on the want of principle which the Head Centre had exhibited, condemned the Eastport expedition (query,—because it failed?), received the resignation of the crest-fallen O'Mahoney, and set about reuniting the severed sections of the great Fenian Brotherhood. This was, however, no easy task, and Head Organizer, as he pleased to call himself, he failed in the attempt.

There were many paragraphs in the New York papers on the subject, such as the following :

STEPHENS AND ROBERTS' DISPUTE.

The *New York Express* say that President Roberts had an interview with Stephens about the 20th May, in the course of which he was requested to discontinue his exertions in organizing a movement on Canada.

Roberts replied that he was determined to carry the matter through. He meant fighting, and no persuasion on the part of Stephens could prevent him from attacking Canada.

Mr. Stephens finding him so obstinate, asked him to desist from the attack for thirty days. Roberts refused, and asked Stephens to allow him thirty days, within which time the cause of Ireland would be secretly determined. Stephens refused, and now both parties are openly opposed to each other.

STEPHENS ON CANADIAN INVASION.

There was a large gathering of Fenians in the Brooklyn Academy of Music on Thursday night last, to hear an address from chief organizer Stephens. The address was chiefly an appeal to the Brotherhood to unite and contribute more money, but in the course of his remarks he touched upon the proposed invasion of the Provinces as follows, according to a report in the *Times*:—"Whatever party stands in the way of union must be put aside, and it remains with the people to remove them. No longer ago than yesterday I was waited upon by delegates from both parties, who desired to affect a reconciliation of the opposing elements. I proposed that the contemplated movements on Canada should be postponed until the men of Ireland should be consulted as to its expediency. I proposed that one intelligent man from each party should be selected to proceed to some point in Europe, and there assemble the leading men in the cause at home—and I guarantee that every prominent district shall be represented. Let these two men there ascertain what are the wants and necessities of Ireland, and what Ireland thinks of any attempt to secure her liberation elsewhere than at home. If they consent to a demonstration upon Canada or any other British province, then I consent—but not until then can I be recreant to the high trust they have reposed in me. Is it fair and honest to make any movements which shall complicate Ireland without consulting Irishmen? I think not, and shall oppose any such attempt. There are 100,000 soldiers of this brotherhood ready to take the field at twenty-four hours notice; if you only give us the opportunity to strike the first blow in Ireland, you will have every chance to strike at English power wherever found."

The *New York Times* comments as follows upon the scheme of the Fenian leaders:—

"All that remains of the Fenian scheme has assumed a well-defined shape; its purpose is made manifest and its duration is defined. Mr. Stephens is the expounder of a new method of rescuing Ireland from the grip of the Saxon, and proposes to carry it out. He has made a speech at New Haven, and lays down the law for the information of his followers in a style that must convince the most faint-hearted. In the first place, he has an army more than enough to meet the English armies. In the next place, the attack must be made in Ireland—one on this side would ruin the cause, which those who think it ruined already will be very glad to learn. Then he will continue to work here for Ireland for one year, and at the end of that time go back and 'meet his fate'—that is, if he

cannot be a conqueror he will be a martyr, which is very magnanimous indeed. But the thing of all others to be done, first, last, and all the time, is to get money—and to take care of it. This department Mr. Stephens proposes to make his own special and peculiar charge. He would, says he, have all moneys sent to him and not to a treasurer; he should place them in a bank to his credit, and monthly send remittances to Ireland for one year, when, if he had funds enough to buy war material, he would begin active work; if not, then he would give up the contest. Whether the money is in the last contingency to be also given up does not appear, but who can doubt that every cent will be accounted for? Why, upon the principle of shooting away a second arrow to find the first, perhaps all the money collected up to the present time will also be discovered at the end of the probationary twelve-month, and it would be mighty convenient to many investors if a final settlement, say in June, 1867, included the little amounts that have already so mysteriously vanished. To bring on the dollars, therefore, is now the duty of all Fenians. Mr. Stephens will, for their sakes, take great care of the funds, and for his own sake will take still greater care of—himself."

GENERAL SWEENEY ON THE MOVE.

We judge from a paragraph from the Cincinnati *Commercial*, communicated by telegraph, as well as other despatches from Nashville and Louisville, that General Sweeney has commenced his movement in the direction of the Canadian frontier. Secresy has been well preserved as to the point of attack, but we fancy that the American and Canadian Governments will be equal to the emergency.

EXCITING RUMORS.

On June 1st, rumors were flying about the streets of Toronto which caused a good deal of excitement. They were connected with the Fenian conspiracy and the designs which the despatches of the past two days have prepared the public to believe are entertained by the Roberts-Sweeney faction of the "brotherhood." It was stated, first, that several hundred desperadoes had left Buffalo on a raid; then that they had taken possession of Suspension Bridge; again that they were advancing along the line of the Great Western Railway; and finally that all trains on the road were stopped between Hamilton and the Bridge. Most people, taught by experience, were inclined to regard these as mere "sensation" reports, and so they were; but others thought there might be something in them, and that at any rate it would be worth while to sift their truthfulness.—*Leader*, 1st June.

THE VOLUNTEER MILITIA CALLED OUT.

OTTAWA, June 1.—His Excellency the Governor General, by a general order, has called out all volunteers west of Toronto, including the County of York and a number of Companies in Lower Canada. He accompanies the order with the following remarks:—

"At former times the Commander-in-Chief has had occasion to call for the active services of the Volunteer Force to maintain international obligations and as a precaution against threatened attack. Those threats have now ripened into actual fact. The soil of Canada has been invaded, not in the practice of legitimate warfare, but by a lawless and piratical band,

in defiance of all moral right, and in utter disregard of all the obligations which civilization impose on mankind. Upon the people of Canada the state of things imposes the duty of defending their altars, their homes, and their property, from desecration, pillage, and spoilation. The Commander-in-Chief relies on the courage and loyalty of the Volunteer Force, and looks with confidence for the blessings of Providence on their performance of this sacred duty, which circumstances have cast upon them."

This order was followed by others calling out the whole of the Volunteer Force in both Upper and Lower Canada, and before the week was over the Government had, including the regular forces in the Province, 35,000 men under arms.

NUMBER OF THE FENIAN FORCES AND THEIR MATERIAL—NAMES OF THE OFFICERS.

The officers who allotted the quotas followed the course adopted by Gen. Fry in the beginning of the late war. To use a vulgarism, they "drew it mild," because they had not the pecuniary ability to support a great army. After estimating the strength of the British troops in Canada, and weighing the possible resistance likely to be received from the "loyalists," it was decided to send only thirty-five thousand armed Fenians to attack the combined body of Blue Noses, civic and military. This, of itself, must be regarded as great an insult to the Canadians as the invasion of their sacred soil, at the very period when they are recovering from the freezing visitations of zero. There is, however, a large reserve force in readiness for any emergency which may arise.

The Fenian host which has crossed the border is composed exclusively of soldiers who have fought in the Northern and Southern armies during the late war; and the campaign, in its inception, has thus inaugurated a portion of the retribution long since threatened against the British government, which was charged with betraying both sections of the country, in order to divide them for ever. The three armies of the service—cavalry, infantry, and artillery, are well represented in the Fenian army, and among those connected with it are officers who served under General Grant, General Sherman, General Sheridan, General Stonewall Jackson, and Col. Moseby.

The desperate character of the prospective campaign is indicated by the fact, that for several weeks past, immense quantities of war materials were sent by various routes to the Canadian frontier. Some idea of the extensive preparations which have been made in this particular may be realized when it is known that eight hundred and fifty thousand rounds of ammunition were transmitted from this city, and six hundred thousand from Chicago and Illinois.

It is, perhaps, needless to state, that the commencement of hostilities in Canada was hailed with joy at the Roberts head quarters yesterday. During a portion of the day, the president and some members of the senate were engaged in consultation, but the result did not transpire. Hundreds made anxious inquiries of all the leaders who were present, as to the future movements and prospects of the campaign, and the information they received led them to leave the building with light and happy hearts.

The position of the officers of the Fenian army is fixed entirely by the grade which they held during the late war. The following officers compose the staff of General Sweeney:—

Chief of Staff—Brigadier-General C. Carroll Tavish.
Chief of Engineer Corps—Colonel John Meehan.
Chief of Ordnance—Colonel C. H. Rundell.
Engineer Corps—Lieutenant-Colonel C. H. Tresiliar.
Assistant Adjutant-General—Major E. J. Courtney.
Ordnance Department—Major M. O'Rielly.
Quartermaster—Major M. H. Van Brunt.
Aid-de-Camp—Captain D. W. Greely.
Aid-de-Camp—Captain Daniel O'Connell.

The Fenians all through Canada are expected to co-operate with the forces of General Sweeney. The British army is said to be thoroughly infected with Fenianism, and at least half are expected either to desert or join the Fenians. One person stated that there were two hundred deserters from the Seventeenth British, in the State of Maine, who were awaiting the word of command to join the Fenian columns.

The cavalry are said to be in proportion to the number of infantry, and consist of about nine or ten thousand men. It is asserted that this city will send two full regiments.—*New York World*.

GENERAL SWEENEY'S IMPUDENCE.

Gen. Sweeney seems to have entrusted some of his newspaper organs, in New York and Buffalo, with a copy of a proclamation which he proposed to issue when he arrived in Canada at the head of his "army." But, as he might have expected, his friends have betrayed his confidence, and have made him ridiculous by giving his proclamation to the world, just at the time when it had become pretty clear that it would never be needed. The American Fenian organs have no doubt the best of feeling for Sweeney and his cut-throats, but they like sensation news still better, and are ready to publish anything in that line, no matter how confidentially it is obtained, or upon what cause it may bring ridicule and contempt. Hence it is that we are in possession of a string of impertinences addressed to the people of British America which Gen. Sweeney himself would never have found occasion to furnish to us. The Buffalo *Courier* makes a sort of apology to Gen. Sweeney for the publication of his manifesto by saying that it had been published in New York. The New York papers are, no doubt, hardened enough to publish confidential documents without any apology or excuse.

Gen. Sweeney declares that he and his ragamuffins come, or would have come, as the enemies of British rule in Ireland, and follows up with a wild tirade about the oppression of British aristocracy, and about the vows made to heaven by the cut-throats of whom he is the chief, that they will fight until they obtain the absolute independence of Ireland, or until their "armies" are demolished. The profanity of which such scoundrels are guilty in pretending to make vows to heaven would be sufficiently shocking if they were acting consistently with their pretences, and making war upon the British power in Ireland, but when the abjuration by the most sacred names, is simply an impious cold-blooded lie, designed to cover a wanton raid upon a peaceful country, far away from Ireland, and quite innocent of any wrong to Ireland, or to the wretches who steal in Ireland's name, the impiety of the appeal certainly must be unparalleled. If Gen. Sweeney and his miscreants could overrun the

whole of British America—if they could steal every horse in the country—the release of Ireland, from British rule, would be just as far from being accomplished as ever. If the people of Ireland had ten thousand times the cause of complaint which they have, the raid upon Canada would not help them in the least. Indeed, if the British Government deserved the character which General Sweeney gives it, his outrages in Canada would only have the effect of making British rule in Ireland more oppressive. As it is, the Fenian organization in the States has, by exciting foolish men in Ireland to break the law, procured the transportation of some Irishmen, the imprisonment of others, and the expatriation of others. Possibly this wicked attack upon Canada will, in the same way, do further mischief to those Irishmen whom there is a professed desire to serve.

Gen. Sweeney has no issue with the people of this Province, he says, and wishes to have none but the most friendly relations. It must be a process of reasoning peculiarly Fenian by which a man can reach the conclusion from such premises, that he is justified in invading and plundering our country. It is as if a rowdy said to a peaceful citizen: "I have 'no quarrel with you, and wish to be on the best of terms with you—' therefore I shall knock you down and rob you." We do not believe any other scoundrel ever avowed the wantonness of his outrages quite so clearly before. Gen. Sweeney says: "Our weapons are for the oppressors 'of Ireland.'" Yet his proclamation is based on the avowal that he has turned them upon the Canadian people and the supposition that he would succeed in securing a foot-hold in our country. He says: "Our blows 'shall be directed only at the power of England,'" and yet he directs them at the people of Canada. He disavows any disposition to divest us of a "solitary right" we now enjoy, and yet sends men to occupy our country and steal our property. He declares that he and his do not come as marauders and robbers, but yet they commit robberies. They are the Irish army of liberation in Sweeney's proclamation, but in practice they are a vulgar band of thieves. There is a great deal in Gen. Sweeney's manifesto about liberty and despotism, democracy and aristocracy, the ballot and the privileges of class, which would be very inappropriate even in reference to a Fenian uprising in Ireland, but which has no more to do with the raid into Canada, than with the last burglary or the last case of sheep stealing. These same Fenians have disgraced democracy, and the ballot enough by the part they have so long played in American politics, but it is too bad for Sweeney to insult his American patrons, by publicly associating their institutions with horse-stealing expeditions. We have encountered a good many hard thrusts at American democracy in the course of our reading, but never a harder one than that made by General Sweeney.

Having declared several times over, that he comes or imagined he would come here, not to fight the Canadian people, but the English Government, Gen. Sweeney threatens us with the direst vengeance if we stir hand or foot while he is overrunning and plundering our country. His war is against England, and "all who raise a hand to defend her," or "to frustrate or defeat" the Fenians, will be regarded as enemies and so treated. As Sweeney knows how to recognize the services of his friends, so he tells us he knows how to punish the depredations of his foes. A pretty sequel that is to the declaration that he wants only friendly relations with us. It is very like the kind assurance of the highwayman,

that if persons will submit quietly to be robbed they shall not be injured. The highway robber would be the pleasantest fellow in the world, if he could always maintain friendly relations with his victims, on the terms prescribed by Gen. Sweeney. But after he has accomplished his "work for Ireland," Gen. Sweeney would have us free to settle our own political institutions—especially if we would settle them by throwing off our allegiance to Britain. Gen. Sweeney changes his idea of the treatment which we are to receive very often. In the first place, we are not to be molested or meddled with at all. In the next place, we are to enjoy that immunity on condition that we keep very quiet and refrain from affording England the slightest countenance and assistance. If England should be equally exacting, we would require to walk very straight to keep out of trouble. But, lastly, we learn that we are only to be free after Gen. Sweeney has put Ireland to rights by his marauding in Canada, which, we imagine, would postpone our freedom indefinitely. Then we should be allowed to choose our form of government, with the proviso that Gen. Sweeney would like to help to liberate us from English rule. In order to convince us of the folly of continuing our connection with Britain, Sweeney suggests a comparison between this country and the United States, which is not original, and which is not half so odious as another one which Irishmen of a different stamp sometimes make. Let Gen. Sweeney contrast the social and moral condition of the people who furnish him with his army with that of any other class of people in the United States, in Canada, or in Ireland, and report the result. Will he tell why it is that his people in the States, where they are emancipated from English rule, where they have the ballot, and where they have every advantage that any other class enjoys, should compare so poorly with the Irish in other countries? Is it one of the peculiarities of English misrule that it only drives from Ireland to the United States the vilest elements in Irish society? or, is the fault with demagogues like Sweeney who corrupt the people after getting to the States?

Gen. Sweeney makes a special appeal to the Irish of these Provinces that they at least should not interfere with his cut-throats when they come. He asks "in the name of seven centuries of British iniquity, and Irish "suffering and misery," that the Irish people of Canada should make no objection to the Fenian iniquity of marauding in a peaceful country. If Gen. Sweeney had only been able to put to the test the sympathy which he thinks is entertained for him by the Irish people of these Provinces, he would have found himself most miserably disappointed. If the work of defending the Province against Fenian raids were left to its Irish inhabitants alone, we should rest in the fullest security. We have not the slightest doubt either as to the will or the ability of that class of our citizens to defend the Province against all Fenian comers. Our Irish population would be in no way tender to the miscreants who bring so much discredit upon the Irish name.

PROCLAMATION OF GEN. SWEENEY TO THE PEOPLE OF BRITISH AMERICA—HE WANTS TO CUT THROATS AND BE FRIENDLY AT THE SAME TIME.

"We come among you as the foes of British rule Ireland, exiled from that native land of ours by the oppression of British aristocracy and legislation, our people hunted down to the emigrant ships, or worse, to that

charnel of government institutions, the poor-house; our countrymen torn from their families and friends, and hurled in droves into the prison pens of England and Ireland, our country subjected to a foreign tyranny which disfranchises the masses of the Irish people, and makes poverty and misery the sad rule of their condition, covering our fair land with paupers' graves and wretched hovels, eliciting from the liberal minds of England expressions of shame for the government and indignation for the people.

"We have taken up the sword to strike down the oppressor's rod, to deliver Ireland from the tyrant, the despoiler, the robber; we have registered our oaths upon the altar of our country in full view of Heaven, and sent up our vows to the throne of Him who inspires them. Then looking about us for the enemy, we find him here—here in your midst where he is most vulnerable and convenient to our strength; and have sworn to stretch forth the armed hand of Ireland and grapple with him. The battle has commenced, and we pledge ourselves by all the sacred memories of struggling liberty to follow it up at any cost to either of the two alternatives—the absolute political independence and liberty of Ireland or the demolition of our armies.

"We have no issue with the people of these provinces, and wish to have none but the most friendly relations. Our weapons are for the oppressors of Ireland.

"Our blows shall be directed only at the power of England. Her privileges alone, shall we invade, not yours. We do not propose to divest you of a solitary right you now enjoy. We will assail and assume only the rights that are claimed and enjoyed by the Government of Great Britain, the right to make her American possessions, the field, and base of operations in a war against an enemy. We come to instal ourselves in her prerogatives, and turn them against her in a war for Irish freedom. We are here, neither as marauders nor robbers, for plunder or spoliation. We are here as the Irish army of liberation; the friends of liberty against political subjection, of freedom against despotism, of democracy against aristocracy, of the people against their oppressors, of the ballot against the privileges of class, of progress and development against might and wrong, to conduct this contest according to the laws known to honourable warfare, in a manner worthy of the high object we aim for, and the sublime sentiments that actuate us. In a word, our war is with the armed power of England, and not with the people, not with these provinces, against England upon land and sea, until Ireland is free. And all who raise an arm to defend her, to frustrate or defeat us belong to the common enemy, and as such will be dealt with. As we know how to recognize the services of our friends, so also do we know how to punish the depredations of our foes. Our work for Ireland accomplished, we leave to your own free ballots to determine your national and political standing and character, and shall rejoice to see, and assist to make, these almost limitless colonies spring from the foot of a foreign throne, as free and independent, as proud as New York, Massachusetts, or Illinois. To that yearning for liberty, and aspiration after national independence, which swells the breast of every true son of every land, to your own manliness, we leave these questions for settlement, confident that the dwarfed development of your vast resources and natural wealth under the chilling influence of English supremacy, in wretched contrast with the national dignity and stupendous material prosperity of your neigh-

boring people of the United States, under the stimuli of self-government and democratic institutions, constitutes a stronger argument in favor of co-operation with us and of the revolution in your political condition which this comparison suggests, than any discussions of the questions involved, which we could offer here.

"To Irishmen throughout these provinces, we appeal in the name of seven centuries of British iniquity and Irish misery and suffering, in the name of our murdered sires, our desolated homes, our desecrated altars, our millions of famine graves, our insulted name and race, to stretch forth the hand of brotherhood in the holy cause of Fatherland, and smite the tyrant where we can, in his work of murdering our nation and exterminating our people. We conjure you, our countrymen, who, from misfortunes by the very tyranny you are serving, or from any other cause, have been forced to enter the ranks of the enemy, not to be the willing instrument of your country's death or degradation. If Ireland still speaks to you in the truest impulses of your hearts, Irishmen obey her voice. If you would not be miscreants, recreant to the first principles of your nature, engraven upon the very cornerstone of your being, raise not the hand of the matricide to strike down the banner of Erin. No uniform, and surely not the blood-dyed coat of England, can emancipate you from the natural law that binds your allegiance to Ireland, to liberty, to right, to justice. To the friends of Ireland, of freedom, of humanity, of the people, we offer the olive branch of peace and honest grasp of friendship. Take it Irishmen, Frenchmen, Americans,—take it all, and trust it. To all who marshal to the call of the enemy, and rally under his standard, or aid or abet his cause, we give the sword in as firm and earnest a grip as ever did its work upon a foeman. We wish to meet with friends, we are prepared to meet with enemies. We shall labor to merit the confidence of the former, and the latter can expect from us but the leniency of a determined though generous foe, and the restraints and relations imposed by civilized warfare.

(Signed)

"T. W. SWEENEY,

"Maj. Gen. Com. the Armies of Ireland."

PROCLAMATION OF PRESIDENT ROBERTS.

"To my Countrymen—Brothers! Arouse. Irishmen! A glorious career has been opened for you. The green flag has waved once more in triumph over England's hated emblem. Onward! is the order, and let Ireland and Victory be the watchword. Pay no attention to what may seem defeat. Everything is working glorious, and if you but discharge your duty to your native land, our final triumph is certain. God and Justice is on our side. Have iron wills and brave hearts, and Ireland will once more be great, glorious and free.

"In love and hope I remain your countryman,

"W. R. ROBERTS,

"President of Fenian Brotherhood."

SEIZURE OF ARMS BY U. S. GOVERNMENT.

Colonel Roberts, President of the Fenian Brotherhood, called on United States Marshal Murray, in relation to the seizure of arms made by Marshal Murray on the 30th May. Mr. Roberts stated that he had come to the Marshal to know if the United States mails could be rifled and their contents given to the public, and further, if the letters which had been given to the press and which were addressed to President Roberts, had not been published by authority of Marshal Murray. The Marshal replied that they had not. Mr. Roberts stated that he could prove that one of his officers had notified the press to come to the Marshal's office and get them, and further, that he could name the man. Marshal Murray requested him to do so, but Mr. Roberts declined. Mr. Roberts then asked the Marshal if he was aware that he had rendered himself liable to a suit at law. Mr. Murray replied, "You are at liberty to take any course you please in the matter," and the interview ended.

THE FENIANS AS THEY PASSED THROUGH CLEVELAND.

A Cleveland paper, of the 29th, mentions the arrival in that city of 350 Fenians from Indianapolis on the 28th. The paper says:—

At 12 o'clock last night the Gallion freight train brought in 300 of the party. They were accompanied by a full complement of line officers, all of whom wore swords and military overcoats. In the ranks were borne a number of banners, which of course were furled. The majority of the men were attired in the citizen's garb, although here and there could be seen a blouse, or a blue cap, that had evidently seen service in the "great rebellion." At the foot of the Light House street hill, the entire party alighted, and formed by the side of the track. The utmost silence was maintained by the officers; scarcely a word being spoken, and every movement was made as quietly as possible. After the men had all been got together, the "command" broke up into squads of about 50, and then

Into the darkness of the night,
Scattered the three hundred.

At half-past 9 o'clock this morning the Gallion accommodation train brought in 50 more Fenian recruits, likewise from Indianapolis. We only noticed one officer in the company. He was attired in what looked like a uniform of the veteran reserve corps. The ages of the party ranged from 15 to 50, we should judge. No "items" could be gotten out of the party. In response to our reporter, one Fenian said he "didn't know where they were after goin';" and another guessed the Jamestown railroad might be their destination. (!) The party alighted here, and soon afterwards separated for parts unknown.

Where this large body of men has kept itself to-day, nobody knows. Everything in connection with them is veiled in mystery. A few have been seen lounging about town, and occasionally have been questioned by curious persons. They invariably declare that they know nothing regarding their destination. The men are probably quartered, by squads, upon our Irish citizens.

PART II.—THE RAID AT FORT ERIE.

PREMONITORY SYMPTOMS.

Sweeny having declared that the last sun of May should not set before a blow should be struck for Irish independence on Canadian soil, it became very evident, towards the latter end of that month, that some movement was in progress, though it was impossible at the time to more than surmise where the attack would be made. On the 30th May, telegraphic despatches from Buffalo stated that nearly six hundred men had reached that city, coming from Cincinnati and points further south *via* Cleveland. When the train, on which they travelled, reached Buffalo the police were in attendance, but the travellers evaded them by leaving the cars at an outside stopping-place. The Fenians had some 3,000 stand of arms in Buffalo. The report was that they intended making a raid into Canada for the purpose of destroying the locks of the Welland Canal, and doing any other mischief that lay in their way. A full account is contained in the following despatch of that date :

“ Buffalo, May 30.

“ A great deal of talk has been caused here to-day, and some excitement among the worst class of the population, by the arrival of considerable numbers of Fenians from a distance, and the rumors of their intention to make a raid across the border.

“ About 350 of them arrived by the Lake Shore Railroad from Cleveland this morning, and are now here scattered through the Irish boarding houses of the city. It is stated that on the passage they were very turbulent, and fought amongst themselves. A number of them who were injured in these rows were left behind, among them one who, it is expected, will not recover.

“ On approaching to within a mile of the city, the party left the train and came into town in separate bodies, when they were distributed through Five Points and other disreputable parts of the city along the canal. They have been very riotously disposed during the day, and to-night some of them are in the police stations for assaults upon officers. The whole police force of the city, which is no longer a partizan body, being now governed by commissioners, is on duty to prevent any disturbance of the peace.

“ It is not known what the intentions of the Fenians are, but the general impression is that they contemplate a movement on some exposed part of Canada. The commander of the U. S. steamer Michigan has been notified of their presence here, and will probably hold himself in readiness to prevent, if possible, any hostile passage across the river.

“ At night there was a fresh arrival of about two hundred more Fenians, who came into the city in the same way as the others. These, with the resident members of the Brotherhood, make a body of perhaps over a thousand men, for whom, it is believed, arms are now stored here. The

garrison at Fort Porter, it is worth remarking, is only about fifty strong, and it will take some time to reinforce it.

"The Fenians are now assembled in Townsend Hall, which, for some time past, has been the head-quarters of the Brotherhood in this city. It is not possible for them to make any movement to-night, as the weather is unfavorable—raining and pitch dark. By some the gathering here is regarded merely as a feint to cover a more important movement elsewhere.

"I think I am justified in saying that the authorities on the other side have been duly warned, and that measures have been taken to avert any danger."

From other points there were also accounts of the gathering of the Fenians, not only in the middle States, but in the west, and even in the south. A despatch from Memphis, Tenn., under date 29th May, said :

"About 200 Fenians left this city, going north. Others from the south are passing through Main street this afternoon."

Precautionary measures were taken on the railways at the frontier stations, by withdrawing surplus cars and engines, which, no doubt, the invaders would have been glad to find and seize on landing. The next day the numbers of the Fenians at Buffalo had been increased by large arrivals, so that on the night of Thursday, 31st May, the District Attorney telegraphed to the Mayors of Toronto and Hamilton that about 1500 Fenians were at Buffalo, and that they intended moving off that or the following night. A despatch says :

"About 800 Fenians belong to Buffalo, and I have heard that up to last night 1,500 more had arrived. It is said that 700 more were expected to-night, but the train did not connect with the western and southern trains at Cleveland, and only about 15 made their appearance. The Fenians had about a dozen waggons waiting at the station, expecting freight, but got none.

"At 10 o'clock to-night I saw crowds of Fenians fitted out and ready to march. They are expected to leave for Sandusky, Ohio, by the midnight train. From that place or Ogdensburg the real attack is expected to be made. It is said they only await the arrival of artillery shipped from Chicago.

"The Fenians have in their possession accurate plans of the Canadian defences, and know the full strength opposed to them.

"It is rumoured that 20,000 Fenians are scattered in various towns near this city, and ready to embark. The demonstration here is regarded by many as a feint.

"Sweeny and Roberts are both here. The latter arrived to-day.

"There is, it is said, 100,000 stand of arms at P. O'Day's auction rooms, belonging to the Fenians. Their armory and drill room are underneath the building. Barney O'Donohoe (well known in Toronto) is assistant auctioneer."

Most of the Fenians here are from Cincinnati and Louisville, and are southern soldiers. Three Colonels are in command.

The Buffalo authorities also took precautions according to the following correspondence between the District Attorney and the Collector of Customs :

Buffalo, May 31.

CHAS. D. NORTON, Esq.,

Collector of Customs for District of Buffalo Creek.

SIR,—Until further directed you will not clear any vessel from your port out of office hours, and you will not permit any vessel to depart from the port without inspecting her cargo.

Yours truly,

WM. A. DART.

United States Attorney, North District of New York.

May 31.

Pursuant to the instructions contained in the foregoing letter of District Attorney Dart, no vessel will be allowed to clear from the port of Buffalo between the hours of 9 a. m. and 4 p. m. without inspection of her cargo by officers of the Custom House, and no vessel will be permitted to clear between the hours of 4 p. m. of any day and 9 a. m. of the following day, under any circumstances, until instructions are received from the Secretary of the Treasury.

(Signed)

CHARLES D. NORTON,

Collector of Customs.

It was also stated that "the commandant of Fort Porter is on the alert, and says if the Fenians attempt to take the international steamer to cross, he has his guns so sighted as to sink her. The U. S. steamer is also on the alert in the Erie Basin, with steam up and guns shotted."

The last despatches before the actual crossing were from Buffalo, Friday morning, 3.20 and 3.30 a. m., and stated: Reporters of *Express* have just returned from a point one mile and a half below Lower Black Rock. The head of the Fenian column, 600 strong, had reached that point when they left. Nine waggons loaded with arms and ammunition preceded them. They declare they will effect a crossing before daylight.

And the last: Two reporters, who left to reconnoitre the river shore between here and Tonawanda, have just returned, and report that they found the straggling parties whose movements were so skillfully confused at first had proceeded to Black Rock and down the river toward some point of crossing below. The number in the several columns observed was not less than 600 men moving in perfect order with silence and celerity under capable officers. At a point half a mile below Lower Black Rock a train of nine waggons heavily loaded with arms and ammunition was found waiting in consequence of some delay. The train consisted of five large double waggons and four furniture waggons. Between one and two o'clock the train, which had halted for some time, started forward.

Immediately after this

THE RAID BEGAN.

A body of Fenians, variously estimated at from 650 to 1,340 strong, crossed the Niagara River at Black Rock, a small village on the American side two miles below the City of Buffalo, and took possession of the village of Fort Erie—the Canadian terminus of the Buffalo and Goderich section of the Grand Trunk Railway. The crossing was effected by means of canal boats, towed over by a steam tug. The crossing commenced shortly after three o'clock in the morning, and was effected by five. Fort

Erie is a small village totally undefended, and no opposition was offered to the landing of the raiders.

The rolling-stock of the Grand Trunk Railway had been removed up the line during the previous day, so that no facilities in that way were found at the Fort Erie Depot. The rails were, however destroyed, some way up the line towards Port Colborne, and the telegraph wires were also cut so as to close the communication between Fort Erie and the interior. A bridge on the railway, five miles from Fort Erie, was likewise burned.

The raiders were under the command of a Col. O'Neil, and, beyond helping themselves to horses and provisions, no outrage on the peaceful inhabitants seems to have been committed.

A despatch from Buffalo at 4.30 a. m. gives the following account of the landing: "Intelligence is received that 1,500 Fenians effected a crossing of the river, and landed in Canada about half-past three o'clock this morning. The crossing took place at Pratt's Iron Furnace, and the landing was made at a point about a mile below Fort Erie. The ferriage was accomplished by means of two tugs with small canal boats, conveying about 1,500 men. About 200 men whom the boats could not accommodate were left on this side. They expect to follow shortly. The invaders met with no interference or opposition. When they landed on the opposite shore, loud cheers were given which could be plainly heard on this side, together with the sound of drum and fire."

From the correspondence of the *Globe* we select the two following accounts, representing the action of the Fenians during the day. No force being at hand to molest them, they had ample time to make such disposition of their forces and arrangements to meet an attack as was suggested to them, an opportunity which, as our brave volunteers found the next day, had not been neglected.

NUMBERS CROSSED.

It may be noted here that while there was a variety of estimates of the number of men who crossed, the preponderance of the testimony went to show that there were at least 1,200, most likely 1,500, and probably more. Some of the Fenians, notoriously their high-falutin President, the ex-dry-goods man of New York, Mr. Roberts, and some of their sympathizers in Buffalo and elsewhere, have, since the termination of the miserable *fiasco*, endeavoured to belittle it by representing the numbers who crossed as very small, and those who were engaged at Fort Erie as a mere handful compared with the force opposed to them. That it was far otherwise there can be no doubt on the minds of any who are not biassed by their Fenian proclivities. All who saw the body when in Canada are pretty much agreed that there was not less than 1,200, probably many more.

THE FENIANS IN CANADA.

Clifton, June 1.

At Chippawa, but little was known of the approach of the Fenians before this forenoon, when Mr. John Cooper, postmaster of the village returned from a tour of inspection to the Fenian camp, to ascertain the true state of affairs. Mr. Cooper had half-an-hour's inspection of the Fenian encampment. He left the village on horseback, about half-past nine, and found the Fenians at Fort Erie—the pickets extending to a point three

miles north of the village, on the river road, and the main body stationed half a mile north of the lower ferry. According to his estimate, about five hundred men were drilling, and about the same number of arms were stacked, their owners being leisurely strolling around the first sentry; he approached, came to attention, and was allowed to proceed without molestation. The second quietly asked for a match, remarking "I suppose you are one of us." Between the railroad and Fort Erie a third challenged him, and was about to catch his horse, when he ran and returned by a circuitous route around the country. They had pulled up the bridge between the railroad and Fort Erie; the last sentry had on a Federal uniform; the others were indifferently dressed, some having old C. S. A. coats, others in civilian habits; those in Confederate uniform represented themselves as belonging to the Louisiana Tigers. Another man, Harry Kean, a German, had just landed on the Canadian side of the ferry, when two of them took hold of him and asked him for his money, and shoved his hand into his pocket, and took six dollars, all he possessed, cautioning him against mentioning anything of their presence when he reached Chippawa. John Brocklin, of Chippawa, and Gavin Nicholson, of Fort Erie, were taken prisoners, but subsequently escaped. Mr. Cooper's story is truly laid, and evidently authentic. Those who appeared to be the leaders had no military clothing. About 800 of the rank and file were efficient looking men. In the tavern at Fort Erie, a sentry was placed at the door, and those in the inside drank to the new republic, paying for their liquor in shin-plasters; they were then behaving themselves quietly. He afterwards met a scout from Fort Colborne, to whom he gave the facts in his possession. •

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

Buffalo, June 1, 10 p. m.

Mr. George Warren, of the W. U. Telegraph Office, has furnished the following report:—

"I have spent the entire day at the scene of active operations, and, from personal observations, submit the following remarks:

"The total number of men who crossed and landed last night was 1,340, with 2,500 stand of arms, but no artillery. During the day small parties, in squads of three and four, have arrived, being conveyed across the river by the ferry steamer while she ran, and afterwards by small skiffs. I was told by a Fenian lieutenant that a sufficient number would arrive by to-night to make the total number equal to the number of stand of arms. No disposition was manifested on the part of the invaders to molest or disturb private citizens or their property, further than to satisfy the demands of hunger and secure needed horses. Fenian bonds were invariably offered to the citizens in payment for what was taken at their own valuation, but I did not learn of a single instance wherein the collateral was taken. By two o'clock this afternoon, the main body had moved down the river to a point known as Frenchman's Creek, and were busily engaged in establishing themselves behind temporary breastworks, thrown up for the occasion on the Newbigging farm.

"A few entire families have removed to this side of the river, and without a single exception every young lady of the village is now seeking asylum in this city.

"The Fenian lieutenant above alluded to, assured me of the determination of the invaders to stand their ground and fight it out on the line of Black Creek. They evidently anticipated other significant movements to be made by the Brotherhood in different portions of the Province, and look for a diversion in their favour by this means.

"I left Fort Erie at half-past four this afternoon."

Meanwhile energetic and vigorous preparations to repulse the Raiders, were making in Toronto and elsewhere. Great excitement had arisen in all the cities in Canada West, and every Volunteer was prepared to do his duty manfully and earnestly. At the close of a Concert in the Music Hall on the evening of Thursday, 31st May, an officer of No. 5 Company "Queen's Own," advanced to the front of the platform and announced to all members of the "Queen's Own" present, that they were to assemble in the Drill Shed at 6 o'clock next morning, for Active Service. Loud cheers followed this announcement, the band struck up, and the whole audience joined in an enthusiastic singing of "God Save the Queen."

IN TORONTO.

Early on Friday morning, General Napier, the Imperial officer in command of Western Canada, was informed of what was occurring at Fort Erie, and preparations were at once made for driving the raiders from Canadian soil.

In the forenoon a proclamation was issued by His Excellency the Governor-General, calling out the whole Volunteer force of the Province for active service, placing them under the Imperial military authorities. Orders were promptly issued by Lieut. Col. Durie to all the companies of the 4th, 5th, 7th and 16th military districts to assemble forthwith for permanent service.

The Great Western Railway Company was notified that their line must be placed exclusively at the service of the military authorities. The proprietors of the *City of Toronto* and *Passport* steamers were requested to reserve these boats for military purposes, and at once heartily complied.

Colonel Peacocke, the able and vigilant commanding officer of the 16th Regiment, was placed in command of the whole force on the Niagara frontier, and instructed to proceed at once to his post.

At seven in the morning, 400 men of the Queen's Own Volunteers of Toronto, under Major Gilmor, left for Port Dalhousie on the *City of Toronto*; and, on landing, at once took the Welland Railway for Port Colborne, to join the force of Lieut. Col. Dennis at that point.

Early in the day, a full battery of Royal Horse Artillery left by the Great Western railway for St. Catharines, under Lieut. Col. Hoste.

Her Majesty's 47th Regiment of Infantry also left Toronto by the Great Western, under command of Lieut. Colonel Villiers.

The 10th Royal Volunteers of Toronto, Major Boxall, were also despatched by the Great Western in the afternoon.

Colonel Peacocke and a large detachment of the 16th Regulars went on from Hamilton to St. Catharines.

The 13th Battalion, Hamilton Volunteers, 300 strong, under Lieut. Col. Booker, left Hamilton at mid-day for the frontier.

The Thorold Volunteers and Welland Artillery Battery were ordered to report to Lieut. Col. Dennis at Port Colborne forthwith.

The York and Caledonia Volunteers were instructed to report to Lieut. Col. Booker forthwith.

A large force of regulars and volunteers were ordered to concentrate forthwith at Paris.

The Orangeville, Aurora, Barrie, Albion, Bradford, Grahamsville, Acton, King, Derry West, and Lloydtown Infantry, were ordered to the frontier.

The Oshawa, Barrie, Collingwood, Scarboro,' Whitby, Cookstown, Brooklin and Columbus Rifles, were ordered to Toronto to be despatched forthwith to the front.

The Oshawa, Whitby, Greenwood, Uxbridge and Prince Albert Infantry, were ordered to concentrate at Oshawa, and abide orders.

The Beamsville Cavalry were ordered to proceed at once to St. Catharines.

The York Cavalry left Toronto by the *City of Toronto* for Port Dalhousie, and took the nearest road to the Fenians.

In other Cities and Towns the preparations were as hearty and vigorous as in Toronto. Every place, large and small, seemed to vie in the alacrity with which the men turned out to meet the danger; there was no shrinking, no lagging, and men who had formerly been in the Volunteer force were now expressing their regret that they had left it and could not join their fellow citizens in the noble work; others shouldered the rifle and on their own responsibility made their way to the scene of action, determined to have a share in the conflict if possible. It was just such an occasion as brings out unmistakably the spirit of a free people, and demonstrates that with all our minor differences, with our abuse and accusations of each other, we are essentially one at heart, sound in our loyal attachment to the mother land and the institutions whose traditions are dear to every Briton, be his birth-place Canada, Australia, or the "tight little island in the midst of the sea."

From the Hamilton Times of Friday Evening, June 1.

Great credit is due to the Mayor for his energy in meeting the requirements of the occasion. He has been promptly on hand in the emergency, and foremost in taking such action as circumstances have required. In all that is being done, he is zealously and efficiently aided by the members of the City Council. The promptitude of Col. Booker, and the officers and the men of the Thirteenth, has been beyond all praise. Every man has done his duty.

From the Hamilton Spectator of Saturday, June 2.

At 11 a. m., yesterday, a meeting of the Central Committee of the City Home Guard, was held, at which it was resolved to form, in each of the Wards, an armed company of fifty men in addition to the street patrols of Home Guards as formerly organized. And in the afternoon, the Ward Committees met in their several guard rooms to select the fifty men, whom it was deemed prudent to place under arms. All these and the street patrol were at their posts last night.

The *Spectator* of Saturday speaks very highly of "the alacrity and enthusiasm with which Regulars and Volunteers have departed from this city, or on coming from Toronto, have passed by railway for concentration on the enemy's front." The Hamilton Volunteer Artillery were called out on Saturday morning, and at ten a. m. started by the Great

Western for Paris, to go thence to Dunnville. Of the other Volunteers in this city, the same paper says :—

THE NAVAL BRIGADE.

A detachment of the Naval Brigade, under the command of Capt. Harbottle, upon the first alarm of invasion rallied splendidly to the drill shed and fired, yesterday morning, the alarm from their cannons, and remained ready for any service that might be required of them. In the afternoon the entire brigade were on duty as guards where they were required to relieve the regulars.

THE VOLUNTEER ARTILLERY.

It remains to record the promptitude of the Hamilton Volunteer Artillery, commanded by Captain McCabe. In point of priority they should have been named first; but as they are not ordered to the front they were reserved for this concluding paragraph. When the first alarm was given, the men and officers, constantly on the alert, assembled at their gunshed. On the roll being called not one was absent. By 10 a. m. the Battery was ready to start for wherever they might be ordered; 196 rounds of ammunition having been served out to the company.*

From the London Free Press, Saturday, June 2.

Shortly after eleven last night (Friday), six of our gallant Volunteer companies left by special trains for Paris, *en route* for the scene of the Fenian camp. An immense concourse of people assembled to see them off, and many tears were shed by relatives and friends, and all wished them God-speed! The following companies, about 250 men in all, have left the city for the seat of war :—

Capt. Elliot's Foot Artillery.

Capt. McMillan's No. 1 Infantry.

Capt. Code's No. 1 Tecumseth Rifles.

Capt. Lewis' No. 2 Rifles.

Capt. Goodhue's No. 3 Rifles.

Capt. Griffith's No. 2 Infantry Company will parade at nine o'clock this morning. We are sorry to say that the best accommodation the Great Western Railway could afford for the conveyance of the Volunteers was a train of freight cars with no sitting room. Officers and men, with their arms, and forty rounds of ammunition, were all piled in, and off they went without a murmur as gallant soldiers should do on such an emergency. The cheering and enthusiasm was immense, and cheers arose from the assembled multitude as the train went off, which was answered by the boys on the cars.

From the same.

About 12 o'clock last night it is reported that a man attempted to sever the telegraph wires at Rance's Corner, in this city. He was discovered by Councillor Deadman before he had committed any damage, and was pursued as far as the Tecumseth House, where he was lost sight of. The

* Had this battery been sent forward with the 13th, a complete success would have been achieved by the Volunteers at Ridgeway.—*Note by Compiler.*

movements of suspicious characters around our city at this time should be closely watched.

From the St. Catharines' Journal, Friday evening, June 1st.

The Town Council to-day passed a resolution granting \$1 50 per week to each volunteer's wife while the husband remains on duty in town or country, and 40 cents to each child.

The consequence of a telegraph received last evening by Mayor Burns, and we suppose by every Executive officer in the Province, Brigade-Major Villiers ordered the Volunteers here to be called out immediately, and before 12 o'clock the companies were nearly full, and ready to march to any point to which they might be called.

The Beamsville and Grimsby companies arrived here at an early hour this morning, and also the necessary arms and ammunition to arm as many of the citizens as possible.

From Hamilton also we had the gratifying intelligence that a large number of the Six Nation Indians from Grand River are in the city, endeavouring to procure arms and ammunition to take the field in defence of their country. About 500 more are expected to arrive during the day.

THE CHICAGO VOLUNTEERS.

In this connection, although out of chronological order, it may be well to notice here the cheering manifestations of feeling and offers of co-operation which came pouring in from Canadians resident in all the principal American cities. A large number of young men, amounting probably to many thousands, have, during the past few years, been drawn by high wages and flattering prospects to the States. These men did not, however, forget that they were Canadians, and no sooner did actual invasion take place, and the hords of Fenians set foot in the country, than they hastened to assure their friends that they were still one in heart with them, and were willing to abandon their prospects and come over to fight shoulder to shoulder with them, and drive the horde of cut-throats from the country. Had a word of encouragement been given, in a very few days thousands of the right sort would have been in Canada, and would, no doubt, have done good service in the field; as it was, the danger was not considered so great as to render it necessary for them to leave their situations and pursuits to come to Canada; and while thanked for their offer they were informed that the forces at the disposal of the authorities were considered sufficient for the duty of finishing the Fenians. One Company, however, which had been formed in Chicago, was not to be restrained. They sent on their Captain to Windsor to make enquiry, he telegraphed to the Mayor of Toronto on the subject, but receiving no answer he telegraphed to his comrades to "come on," which they at once did, throwing up their situations and sacrificing their prospects for their country, for although their employers promised to take them back again when the war was over, yet, it was suspected by some as it afterwards proved, that the Fenian mob of that city would not allow them to return to their respective places; they threatened to burn down the premises of those who employed them, and no doubt would have done so if they had not yielded and declined again employing the Volunteers, so at the moment we write many of them are without employment in consequence

of their patriotic devotion to their country. They numbered fifty-six ; all of them intelligent, respectable, well to do looking men, and almost all in the prime of life. The following are their names :—C. T. Wright, John Ginn, B. Baskerville, R. Gilbert, T. English, G. Mackay, R. Mason, J. Cornish, J. Moore, F. Gatrell, T. G. Rice, W. F. Collins, R. S. Shenston, W. E. Richards, W. Cram, — Skinner, J. Allen, C. J. Mitahell, S. Langford, J. Cavers, S. Ridout, J. Ford, S. McKay, G. B. Roberts, — Hillman, F. Baker, J. C. Keighley, J. J. Innes, C. Rubige, L. Werden, W. Orr, J. Fraser, J. Wickens, J. G. Kinnear, G. Fitzsimmons, W. H. Rice, G. Morehead, J. —, W. Beck, L. E. Kingsmill, S. Gordon, E. Smith, G. Mottensill, W. S. Cottingham, H. Ross, G. Kingsmill, J. W. Dunn, S. McCallum, W. Ford, O. S. Hillman, — Healey, C. C. Baines, F. W. Nation.

THEIR ARRIVAL IN TORONTO

Took place on Tuesday, June 5th, by the Great Western Railway. They were met at the railway depot by the Mayor and Aldermen of the city, and by a vast concourse of people, among whom were many prominent citizens. Two splendid companies of volunteers—the Barrie Infantry, Capt. Burnett, and the Lloydtown Infantry, Capt. Armstrong—were also in the depot to receive the party, having kindly volunteered to turn out after their hard day's work to do them honour.

On the train nearing the new station-house, the troops presented arms, and the assemblage of people gave three times three and one cheer more for the Chicago Canadians. A procession was then formed, Capt. Burnett's Company taking the lead, the Chicago Volunteers, four deep, following them, and Capt. Armstrong's Company bringing up the rear ; and the route was taken for the Drill Shed, amid enthusiastic cheering from the citizens.

On arriving at the Drill Shed, the troops formed three sides of a square, and the Chicago Volunteers drew up in military order in the centre. The Mayor then addressed the Volunteers in a stirring speech. On behalf of the citizens of Toronto he gave them a hearty welcome, thanked them for their noble conduct, and assured them that their gallant act would long live in the grateful recollection of the people of Canada. Three rousing cheers were then given for Chicago Canadians, three more for Her Majesty the Queen, three more for the Canadian Volunteers, and three more for the British troops now engaged in the defence of Canada.

They were also addressed by the Hon. George Brown in an eloquent speech, which was loudly applauded.

Capt. Ford, the leader of the Chicago party, replied on behalf of himself and friends. He declared that they had all come with the single intention of helping the Canadians to drive the Fenians from their shores, and were ready to serve in any manner the authorities might desire. He declared, amid great cheering, that he had no doubt, were an intimation given that necessity existed for it, not one company only, but an entire regiment of recruits, from the city of Chicago alone, would speedily be in Toronto.

Mr. Kingsmill, another of the party, also replied. He repeated Capt. Ford's statement that an entire regiment for the defence of Canada could readily be found in the city of Chicago, and mentioned numerous incidents connected with their movement of the most interesting character.

Mr. T. M. Daly having followed Mr. Kingsmill very briefly—three cheers were again given for the Chicago Volunteers, three more for the Queen's Own, and three more for Her Majesty the Queen.

THEIR SERVICES ACCEPTED.

This patriotic band formally offered their services to Government on Wednesday morning, to be enrolled among our volunteers for the defence of the Province. They did so through the Mayor, who at once called upon Col. Durie, and both waited upon General Napier, and presented the wishes of our Chicago friends. The General at once, on behalf of the Government most cordially accepted the proffered service. He spoke in most complimentary terms of the spirit evinced by the gallant fellows, and desired Col. Durie and the Mayor to convey his views to them.

They afterwards elected the following officers:—Captain, John Ford; Lieutenant, Geo. R. Kingsmill; Ensign, Hector Ross; 1st Sergeant, Samuel Ridout; 2nd do., T. D. Skinner; 3rd do., W. F. Collins; 4th do., J. H. Cornish; 1st Corporal, John Allen; 2nd do., G. J. Fitzsimmons; 3rd do., John Ginn; Lance do., George McKay.

The name of the company is to be—"No. 1 Company Volunteers for Canada," and the uniform to be that of the military cadets.

We understand that others in Chicago have expressed their willingness to come forward at once, if required; but that General Napier does not deem it necessary to exact the sacrifice at present.

A few days subsequently an official despatch was received by the Capt. of the Company, in which

THE GOVERNOR GENERAL'S THANKS

Were given them for having tendered their services during the Fenian invasion. Here is the despatch:—

No 562.

Ass't Adg't Gen'l's Office, Toronto, June 12th, 1866.

Sir,—I have received a telegram from Colonel McDougall, Adjutant General of Militia, directing me to convey to you the cordial thanks of His Excellency the Governor General, for the patriotic conduct of the Chicago Volunteers, in tendering their services to the Government during the present disturbed state of the country.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your obed't serv't,

WM. L. DURIE, Lt.-Col. A. A. G. M.

To Capt. Ford, Com. Chicago Vol's, Toronto, C. W.

We may complete the account of them by saying that they continued to drill daily and became very proficient, until when, no occasion appearing likely arise for their services, they were disbanded, and with the hearty thanks of all classes of citizens, tendered them both privately and publicly, returned to the occupations of civil life. We append a report of a

CONVERSAZIONE IN THEIR HONOUR.

Under the auspices of the Mayor and Corporation of this city, a *Conversazione* was held in the Music Hall, on Thursday evening, in honor of the Chicago volunteers, who, being disbanded, are about returning to their homes. The Hall was filled with a very fashionable audience.

The Mayor took the chair at eight o'clock, when the members of the City Corporation moved to the side of the platform, and the Chicago volunteers drew up in line in front of it. His Worship, addressing the assemblage, said that that was no ordinary occasion. It happened, probably, not once in a long life. It was his duty to present these highly patriotic young men—who had left valuable situations in the States, and come here to help Canadians—with an address, recognizing their generous devotion to their country. To them the City of Toronto felt under a deep obligation, and he, as Chief Magistrate, had been deputed to present them, on behalf of the city, with the following address, expressive of a high opinion of their patriotism:

Province of Canada, City of Toronto. To the Volunteers from Chicago and other American Cities. To Captain Ford, and the Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers and Men of the Canadian Volunteers.

We, the Mayor and Corporation of the City of Toronto, embrace this opportunity to offer to you, on behalf of the citizens generally, their grateful acknowledgment for your self-sacrificing patriotism, in spontaneously abandoning your various occupations, and at the first appearance of danger rushing to the defence of our common country, when attacked by a band of marauders, who, without provocation, landed and endeavoured to involve our peaceful land in the horrors of war. We have no doubt that, had it been necessary, thousands of our fellow-countrymen, resident in other portions of the United States, animated by the same laudable spirit, would have imitated your example and assisted us in repelling a cruel and wanton attack upon a free and contented people. We assure you that your noble conduct is well appreciated, and will ever be remembered by the city of Toronto; and while we feel satisfied that, should occasion require, you will again be prepared to come forward and stand shoulder to shoulder with your fellow-countrymen here, we congratulate you that, all danger being now passed, you are enabled to return to your peaceful vocations. And, in conclusion, we pray you to take with you the flag of Britain, your rally around which will always live in our memory.

F. H. MEDCALE, Mayor.

City Council Chamber, Toronto, C. W., June 21, 1866.

His Worship went on to state that it became his duty also to present them with that time-honoured old flag, the red-cross flag of Britain. (The Mayor here pointed to the flag—a large and handsome one, the border of which was inscribed with the words, “Presented to the Chicago Volunteers, by the City Council, Toronto.”) In the name of the Corporation he presented this flag, and would ask the Chicago Canadians to take it to their homes, and regard it as the gift of the citizens of Toronto to mark the noble patriotism displayed by these volunteers in proffering their aid, as they have done, in time of war. (Loud cheers.)

Captain Ford replied, and returned thanks, on behalf of the volunteers and of the Canadian Society of Chicago. For the volunteers, he would say that the only cause of displeasure they had, resulted from their not getting a chance to leave their mark on the Fenian invaders. As to the handsome presents made them in recognition of their services, he was sure he would ever look upon it with pride when they returned to that hot-bed of Fenianism, Chicago; and he begged, on behalf of himself and

his fellows, to say that they fully appreciated this splendid public testimonial to their services. (Cheers.)

After this a number of interesting addresses were delivered. The proceedings were enlivened by music and singing, and the whole evening was very pleasantly spent.

After this long but pleasing digression, we must return to the narrative. Friday night was one of wild and feverish excitement in Toronto and other cities. Crowds thronged the streets up to midnight anxious to catch any news from "the front." Rumours of all kinds—some the wildest and most improbable—were flying about, only to be contradicted in a brief space of time. Few slept much that night. The suspense—the ringing of the alarm bells to summon the volunteers—the whistling of the engines bringing in or taking out the trains laden with volunteers—combined to render it a night which might fitly usher in a day never to be forgotten by those who passed through it, and which will have a place in Canadian annals for generations to come. The latest news showed

OUR MEN AT WORK.

These were the despatches:—

St. Catharines, June 1, 4.30 p. m.

The Queen's Own and some other companies have gone to Port Colborne, where there are now some 400 hundred men under command of Capt. Dennis. Col. Peacocke, with three or four hundred regulars, goes at once to Clifton, and will be followed by all the volunteers in St. Catharines, under command of Col. Currie. The Suspension Bridge will be defended, and a movement arranged on the raiders. Col. Peacocke is making all his arrangements with promptitude.

Clifton, June 1st.

The right wing of the 16th Regiment, from Hamilton, and under command of Col. Peacocke, has just arrived and is about to march. They are followed by a battery of Royal Artillery and two companies of the 47th, who have just come in. Scouts are expected in every moment, who were sent out to ascertain the position of the enemy.

LATER.

Clifton, June 1.

One hundred and fifty men of the 47th Regiment, and 400 of the 10th Royals, have arrived here; 950 men will arrive from St. Catharines this evening, and 400 volunteers.

STILL LATER.

Clifton, June 1, Friday, 11 o'clock night.

The preparations here are assuming a tangible shape, and the appearance of the town since my last despatch has altered from that of a business village to a military depot. In addition to the troops already reported, the second detachment of the 47th, commanded by Lieut. Col. Villiers, have arrived, together with the 10th Royal Volunteers, commanded by Major Boxall.

At half-past seven the right wing of the 16th, Col. Peacocke, a detachment of the 47th, Major Lauder, and the artillery battery, left Clifton in quest of the Fenians—the infantry going by the Erie and Ontario Rail-

way, and the artillery taking the river road. As the men left lusty cheers from the crowds congregated at convenient corners greeted their approach.

On arrival of the force at Chippawa, a halt was made and telegraphic communication opened with Clifton and Toronto, when it was decided to rest for the night, and afford time for the remainder of the force to come up. Accordingly, the camp equipage of the different corps was made use of, and billets prepared on the inhabitants of the village, who manifested the greatest anxiety to minister to the comfort of the troops. Telegraphs were received and despatched to Port Colborne, learning the state of affairs there, and to the other points where information could be obtained.

Chippawa, June 1.

Col. Peacocke's force reached this point at half-past seven this evening. The Fenians are not nearer here than eleven miles. They are reported to be at Ridgeway, on the Buffalo and Goderich Railway line. The American war steamer *Michigan* does not prevent people crossing the river either way. The Fenians are foraging round within seven miles of Fort Erie.

THE FENIANS ON FRIDAY.

The despatches from Buffalo showed that the Fenians had not been idle in the meantime.

Buffalo, June 1, 11.30 a. m.

The Fenians have possession of Taylor's Heights, one mile and a half below Fort Erie, near a place called Waterloo, and its highest land in the vicinity. They have commenced throwing up earthworks there, and some have struck off towards Brantford road. The town here is in a great state of excitement at present, and newspaper offices are besieged. The last report from Erie Ferry is to the effect that the steamer is crossing and that everything is quiet.

Buffalo, June 1st, 4 p. m.

The latest from *Express* reporters and other sources is as follows:

The Fenians were camped at noon at Frenchman's Creek, on the Niagara River. The Grand Trunk Railway is partly torn up. The telegraph wires are cut. A demand for food is made on the inhabitants. The Fenians are badly off for provisions. Their officers paid all such demands. The unauthorized liquor stores in Erie and Waterloo were closed. The Fenian camp had its rear resting on the Niagara River and Frenchman's Creek, and they are throwing up a breastwork of rails and earth. The left flank of the raiders rests on the creek and the river. Pickets are thrown out on the front across an open country, and the regular dispositions of a battle-field are made. O'Neil is the commander of the forces. About 10 a. m. rumours prevailed in the Fenian camp that the red coats were advancing. There was great alarm in consequence. The skirmish line was strengthened, and men held in readiness.

LATER.

The *Express* reporter says: Shots are heard in the distance, and the drums are sounding to arms. The men, some of whom are slumbering on the grass, are arousing themselves and leaping to their muskets. Officers are shouting and hurrying to and fro, and the skirmish line is forming for

an expected encounter, its bayonets glistening in the sun. From either flank of the Fenian column, a flanking party was starting at double quick, the right down the Chippawa road, the left along the creek. The road between Frenchman's Creek and Waterloo is thronged with Fenians moving to the front. The Fenians are mounted two deep upon horses. The Fenians in lumber waggons are carrying boxes of ammunition. The Fenians on foot are whisking bayonets about their heads, frantically leaping mud puddles, and shouting "Come on!"

The morning despatches were as follows:

Chippawa, June 2, Saturday Morning.

Our troops are comfortably quartered in the Railway Depot and at private buildings. The men have lighted camp fires, and having tired themselves in singing songs have gone to rest. Major Villiers has arrived at Suspension Bridge, and will come on in the morning, when the whole force will advance. A junction will be formed (at a point already agreed upon) of the whole force under Col. Peacocke's command. The Fenians are reported to have obtained reinforcements, and to number 1,500 men. Some say they have artillery, others that they have none. Col. Peacocke is showing great promptitude and vigor.

Clifton, June 2, Saturday Morning.

The entire force here is under orders to reinforce the corps at Chippawa at 4 a. m. They will be despatched by Erie Railroad should no unexpected movement on the part of the Fenians necessitate a redistribution of troops. The men are resting on their arms at the railway station. The Great Western line is all clear.

Buffalo, June 2, 2.30 o'clock morning.

At this hour no communication is allowed over the ferry, and newspaper reporters for Buffalo papers cannot get back. A messenger, just arrived from Black Rock, states that great excitement exists in the Fenian camp, owing to the report that Col. Peacocke and 1,500 Canadians had arrived within five miles of them, and they are desirous of getting back here. The steamer *International* went to Port Colborne for troops that can be landed within half a mile of the Fenian encampment. They have great dread of British artillery. It is expected that Col. Peacocke will make the attack, if possible, soon after daylight.

Later in the morning intelligence from Port Colborne showed that there was

A CRISIS AT HAND.

June 2, 1 o'clock.—The Queen's Own, 13th Hamilton Battalion Caledonia Company, and York Rifles, all under the command of Lieut. Col. Dennis, are 18 miles east from here, near Fort Erie, and straggling down towards Chippawa. *The troops are now leaving here for the scene of action, and all are eager for a fight with the Fenians.* The steamer *Michigan* is plying up and down the Niagara River, opposite Fort Erie, and allows no boats to cross. The bridge burned to-day has since been repaired, and the railway is again in running order.

Soon the excitement rose to fever height as it became certain that the Queen's Own had met the Fenians and that a battle was going on; and as telegram after telegram was published (few of which it was afterwards

said came over the wires) the heart of every city and town in the Province beat with an intensity which has never been equalled in the present generation, and will not, we trust, for many generations to come.

It would, no doubt, be preferable, for some reasons, to construct from the various statements a continuous account of the battle of Lime Ridge; but for the purpose we have in view—more to supply material for the chronicler than to attempt an exhaustive account—we think it better to supply narratives from various sources of this battle, which, if it had no other result, showed the admirable courage and coolness of Canadian volunteers, the proficiency they had attained in the use of their weapons, and made a matter of certainty what had only been before a matter of hope and belief, that we have in our volunteers a force, equal to any emergency likely to arise from attacks of a character similar to the one at Lime Ridge on the 2nd of June, 1866.

The first we give is a private account, from a letter of private A. G. Gilbert, of the Queen's Own, which appeared in the *Peterboro Review*. We leave out portions of the letter:

* * * * *

As soon as it was known that the Fenians were ahead and in position, we were formed in battle order—the skirmishers still ahead. The Fenians could be distinctly seen by this time running through the woods to warn their companions of our approach. Marching a little further, the companies of rifles were ordered off to open the battle. The Company No. 7, I belonged to, was ordered to support No. 5, and we were the second company engaged. No. 5 advanced in skirmishing order,—we marching as a company. On we went, every 15 or 20 yards having to climb over a fence, and marching through ploughed fields, up to our knees in mud, but still not a shot fired. The Fenians had well chosen their battle ground—they were arranged in a half-circle, behind high fences, and in great numbers in a large barn to the right. Their main body was in a thick wood, at the edge of which they had pallisades driven in, and fences, I believe, laid in a slanting direction, so as to direct the bullets off of them. From their position they could see us long before we came up to them, as we had to march up to them over clean fields, and as little protected as the Cricket Field in Peterboro'. Another feature in their position was the fact that they arranged so that we had nothing but fences to go over from the beginning to the end, and well did they pepper us when climbing over. I have been told since that they raised the fences, in the direction our attack was made from, three rails each. At any rate, every one noticed the extraordinary height of the fences, and you can imagine with sixty rounds of ammunition in our pouches, a bayonet hanging by your side, and a rifle loaded, capped and full cocked to take over those fences, was no little thing, and very tiresome work, but it had to be done, and we knocked down some rails, got through some, and climbed over others. This might on other occasions be not much, but exposed to a heavy fire from our active enemy, it is quite another thing. So much for the Fenian position. Now to return to No. 5, young noble fellows that they are. On they marched, my company following, climbing over fences and all, and they did not stop, nor open fire until only a field was between them and the Fenians. There they were all crouching down behind the fence, a long black line, and opposed to them

was No. 5. One look at one another, then a shot from No. 5, and soon a continuous roar of musketry greeted us, and bullets in showers whizzed past our ears. The battle was now opened in earnest, and nothing but the whistle of bullets and the roar of the rifles could be heard. My company was halted only 40 yards from No. 5; we were "standing at ease." What a horrid sarcasm! But we could not open fire yet; and there we stood, about the most exposed and dangerous position in the field, receiving the Fenian fire, but dare not return it. And it was at this time that we had the sensation fully and keenly experienced, of facing death in its most terrible form—in full health, young, active, very fond of life. There we stood—bullets whizzing past our ears, not knowing the moment one might go through our heads. It was while standing thus that the brave, noble McEachren was shot.

* * * * *

Soon after this the Fenians began to retire. They ran like anything from one fence to another. But still we advanced and steadily pushed them back. The Queen's Own getting tired, we were called by the bugle to fall in behind the infantry, and then they advanced, and it was a grand sight to see the red coats climbing over the fences, and doing their best, good fellows, to drive the Fenians back, but their fire was awfully wild.

* * * * *

The Fenians had fallen back in the woods, and time after time we advanced to drive them out, but our ammunition got quickly done, and numbers were pushing to the rear, crying out "more ammunition," "more ammunition." It was just at this time, while engaged most hotly and heavily with the enemy, and doing well too, for the Highland Company had got on the Fenian right wing, and had they only had assistance would have turned it. As it was they were doing splendidly, and so were all the Queen's Own. The battle was at its height. It was at this time that a cry was raised, raised by the Fenians themselves I believe, "Prepare for cavalry," "The cavalry are coming," and we were all called to form square—that awful square—that awful square. No cavalry came, for there was none to come, but the Fenians got us all together, and poured volley after volley into us. Men fell on every side, but we were soon formed into companies, and were going on to the charge again, when the bugle sounded the retreat, and off went the gallant Colonel Booker at the head of his infantry on the retreat. The Queen's Own had also then to go back, and they retreated, not in companies, nor with any flight, but very, very steadily, at that trying time, and they kept up a furious fire upon the Fenians, who dare not follow us. We gave three rousing cheers before retreating, and the Fenians gave horrid yells, and poured a fire into us, and kept it steadily up for some time, but at last it dropped back.

* * * * *

We walked back to Port Colborne that day, a distance of twenty miles, and we did not get anything to eat from the time we got our red herrings in the morning until 6 o'clock that evening, and during that time we fought three hours and marched twenty-five miles—got up at half-past one, and had nothing to eat all day.

The next account is from a non-combatant, the Rev. David Inglis, of Hamilton, in a letter to the *Globe*. This we have also shortened somewhat, retaining, however, everything of permanent interest:

"Rev. Mr. Burwash and myself were appointed by a number of the ministers of this city to join the 13th Battalion of Hamilton volunteers, and to render them such assistance as might be in our power. The shadows of night had just given way to the bright light of that June morning when we reached Port Colborne, and joined the battalion in the cars, a few minutes before the train left for Ridgeway. Much has been written on the want of preparations and equipments for the men, and I only refer to this with the view of noticing the want of shoulder straps with which to fasten the overcoats on the backs of the soldiers, and the fact that they were obliged to roll them up and sling them over their right shoulders, under their left arm-pits, an expedient which afterwards greatly impeded them in aiming and firing, and caused them to abandon their overcoats when going into battle.

"The train proceeded slowly to Ridgeway, where the men left the cars and were drawn up on the Stevensville road. The Queen's Own were in the front, then came the 13th Battalion, and a company of riflemen from Caledonia forming the rear guard. The men were in good spirits, and I could not look without admiration upon the coolness and intrepidity with which these volunteer soldiers, many of them mere lads, prepared for the advance. The ammunition was distributed to the men, the order given to load with ball cartridge, and then followed an interval of suspense and waiting. The sensation of relief was great when, after some minutes of anxiety and impatience, the order to advance was given. The position assigned to the waggon containing the ammunition, &c., in which Mr. Burwash and myself were riding, was immediately behind the main body, and in front of the rear guard. When about a mile and a-half from Ridgeway, several companies of the Queen's Own were ordered into the fields and woods to clear them of Fenians, and in a short time the first shot was fired, and then in rapid succession we saw small clouds of blue smoke issuing from the woods, telling us of a rapid discharge of musketry before the reports reached our ears. The sergeants in charge concluded to halt with their waggon, and Mr. Burwash and myself hurried on in the rear of our main body. The Fenian skirmishers fell back upon the main body of their force, who were drawn up in an intrenched position along the Fort Erie road. They had converted a stone wall and the ordinary snake-fences into barricades, and held a strong position; but on the advance of our forces, fearing lest our skirmishers should outflank them, they retired in good order, and amid rapid firing, to a slightly elevated piece of ground covered with thick woods, some distance in their rear. It was in this advance that Ensign McEachren was mortally wounded.

* * * * *

"Mr. McEachren was borne to the rear by some men of his company, accompanied by the Captain, a noble fellow, whose name I do not know, to whom I at once introduced myself as a minister, and offered to do all I could for his friend. He thanked me with tears in his eyes, and hastened back to the post of danger. Dr. May was in attendance, but a glance at the wound shewed that it was mortal, and it fell to me to inform him of the fact. He received the intelligence as a Christian soldier, informing me that his faith rested in the Lord Jesus Christ.

* * * * *

"I then returned to the battle-field, to see if I could be of use there. Our forces had advanced, throwing out their skirmishers right and left. From the extreme left of the skirmishers (Queen's Own) to the extreme right (13th Battalion) the distance was probably a little more than three-quarters of a mile. Not a Fenian was to be seen; but, as our brave soldiers advanced nearer and nearer, there came again first a single shot, and then a rapid discharge of fire-arms along the whole line. Whether from their elevated position, or from what other cause I know not, the shots went over the heads of our men, and I could see them striking in the field behind. I hastened to the hospital with feelings of admiration for the brave fellows who, exposed to a terrible fire from an unseen foe, so nobly stood their ground, while the sharp crack of their rifles assured me that the gallant fellows were doing their duty amidst those showers of bullets, in spite of all the manifest disadvantages of their position; but I could not rid myself of a feeling of depression and anxiety when I thought of the result.

"In the hospital I found a few men slightly wounded. One of them told me there were no litters with which to bear the wounded from the field. I set the men who were on guard to work to make litters with some poles which we found near—and such sheets and blankets as I could lay my hands on—and returned to the field with the men carrying the litters. I took my old position, from which I had a full view of the whole field, and was startled to notice strange movements going on among our men. They had halted—the whole line trembled—I do not mean that the brave men trembled, but there was a movement along their line which I find no other word to describe. The order to receive cavalry was given, and an effort was made to obey it. Then another and another order. The only one which the men seemed eager to obey was the one to advance, and then came the fatal bugle notes that told them to retreat, and our men began to fall back. I hurried to the hospital, and told the Doctor and Mr. Burwash that I feared the day was against us, but said I would return to the field while they made the necessary preparations to remove the sick and wounded from a place which would soon be the very centre of the battle. When I again reached my old post of observation a shower of bullets fell around me, and before I got back to the hospital a number of men belonging to the Queen's Own had got between me and the house. These were quickly followed by a large number of the 13th battalion, and I was forced to leave without again communicating with my friends. I soon found, however, that the Doctor and his wounded men, as well as Mr. Burwash, had got safely out of that terrible fire.

"The descriptions given of the retreat are, for the most part, greatly exaggerated. Some men, it is true, ran away in terror, but the main body, though in confusion, were not panic-stricken. The feeling was one of vexation, and at the very moment when they expected victory, all had unaccountably gone wrong with them. Tears were shed, but they were tears wrung from brave men at the thought of being called to retreat before their foes. In the rear, Major Skinner, with a number of men belonging to the 13th and Queen's Own, kept in good order, and so effectually covered our retreat that the enemy were unaware of the disorder in which the main body were retiring. Beyond all doubt, we were at this point saved from further disaster by the coolness of Major Skinner, and the officers and men who were with him.

"At Ridgeway the confused and scattered mass of men were got into order through the exertions of a Toronto officer, whose name I have been told is Captain Arthurs, and who certainly discharged his duty in a way that marked him out as a man able to control and lead others.

* * * * *

"I am bound to say, that the officers and men of the Queen's Own and the 13th Battalion behaved throughout the battle with coolness and gallantry; and even the unfortunate retreat only brought out more clearly that, with few exceptions, they were men of unflinching courage. The hospital, no less than the battle-field proved the noble courage of our men, and it would have moved the stoutest heart to tears, to see those boy heroes suffering as they did, without a murmur or a groan.

"Major Gillmor, of the Queen's Own, and Major Skinner, of the 13th, distinguished themselves greatly—their word of command inspiring their men with courage, while they themselves were steady as rocks under the hottest fire. Indeed, but for Major Skinner's coolness, and power over the men under his command, the retreat to Ridgeway must have resulted in fearful consequences.

"I am yours, very faithfully,

"DAVID INGLIS."

We now give some newspaper accounts, taking first that of the *Hamilton Times*, which, while bringing out other facts, confirms some of the important particulars in the preceding accounts.

"About half-past four o'clock on the morning of the 2nd, the volunteers—consisting of the 13th battalion, the York and Caledonia rifles, and the Queen's Own—left Port Colborne and proceeded to Ridgeway station, where they disembarked in order to form a junction with Col. Peacocke and the regulars, who, we were informed, were marching on Stevensville, about five miles distant. The men formed on the Limestone road, the Queen's Own taking the lead, supported by the 13th battalion, and the Caledonia rifles forming the rear guard, and marched steadily along until they reached the Garrison road, where the first shot was fired by the Fenians, who were concealed in the woods on the north of the Garrison road. Detective Armstrong and myself, having procured horses, at once galloped to the front and found the Queen's Own, with a portion of the 13th Battalion pressing gallantly forward on the concealed foe, taking advantage of every available position, while the bullets flew around like hail-stones. Almost at the first fire Ensign McEachren, of No. 5 Company, Queen's Own, fell, shot through the body. Captain Edwards at once saw that to send men to carry the body off the field would be attended with extreme danger, and passed the word back to the surgeon, who was close in the rear, rushed forward, and waving his sword, threw it away as a signal to the enemy that he was a non-combatant, and taking the mortally wounded officer in his arms carried him to the rear, the blackguards keeping up an incessant fire upon the gallant Doctor; fortunately none of the bullets taking effect. The sharp cracking of the rifles now became incessant, and the bullets whistled around in all directions. The Fenians were now observed throwing back their right and reinforcing their left, as if attempting to outflank us, when Col. Booker ordered two more companies of the 13th forward, and despatched detective Armstrong with a message to Col. Peacocke to advance to our support, as we were in

a bad fix. On the Queen's Own observing the red coats coming up to support them they thought it was the regulars who had come up, and cheered most lustily. Everything so far was going on smoothly, and our gallant fellows were pressing the enemy back; indeed, we have since heard from one of the prisoners that at the time the Queen's Own cheered, O'Neil, the Fenian leader, had shouted to his men to run and take care of themselves. At this moment, as a majority of those upon the field agree in asserting, two mounted Fenians emerged from the woods on the right flank, evidently to reconnoitre. An alarm of cavalry charge was raised, and Col. Booker ordered the skirmish line to rally to their supports and form square. The judgment of executing such a movement in front of an opposing line of infantry, can doubtless be better estimated by military tacticians than by others. Again, if this order was really given, could Col. Booker have supposed that the enemy were provided with cavalry—if believing that they secured all the horses in Welland county, did he imagine that they could be rendered immediately available for a charge in the field? There is something inexplicable in this version of affairs at the critical moment. After receiving the order to form square, our men seemed to be stricken with a panic, for they could not be rallied, and an order was given to fall back on the reserve. What had caused the sudden change in the conduct of our boys, from bold unflinching courage and obedience into something very nearly approaching disorder and a stampede, we are not prepared at present to say. It could not have been cowardice, for no one, to see the volunteers steadily pressing forward under such a murderous fire, would ever accuse them of that. Perhaps time may reveal the true cause. As it was, however, the whole force fell back on Ridgeway, when Lieut. Arthurs, of No. 4 Company Queen's Own, threw himself in front of the retiring volunteers, and by voice and arm brought them into something like order. In different parts of the force we noticed several of the officers endeavouring to rally the men, conspicuous amongst whom were Majors Skinner and Cattley, who did all that mortal men could do to restore the confidence of the troops. Orders were issued, however, to fall back to Port Colborne, which was accordingly done, and, tired and weary, the main body arrived at that place in the afternoon. Several narrow escapes were experienced while the skirmish was going on. Major Cattley had one of his spurs torn off his heel by a bullet which glanced and tore open the leg of his pants without touching him. Private Henry Wright, of the 13th, had a ball put through the sleeve of his coat. One of the Queen's Own had a shot sent completely through his shako. The wounded who were left on the field, or rather with the neighbours, were well taken care of, and especial mention should be made of Mr. Charles M. Goram, a hospitable farmer, who brought his wife and daughter to take charge of and nurse our poor fellows, and nobly they performed their work of mercy. To this gentleman we are ourselves indebted for several acts of kindness, for which we are deeply grateful. The wounded who was left was Lieut. Routh, of the 13th Battalion. This noble and gallant fellow, who may well be called our young hero, received a ball which passed through the lungs. Immediately before receiving it he was heard to say that he would sooner be shot than retreat."

The *Hamilton Spectator* supplies the following sketch of the earlier incidents of the fight:—

"Thus placed, the advance was sounded, and the column marched forward towards Stevensville, a distance of some six or seven miles, and which they would thus reach at the exact time agreed upon with Col. Peacocke, from nine to half-past nine o'clock. After they had proceeded about three miles, the leading men of the advance guard were fired upon from the edge of the woods, fringing the open ground on each side of the road. The moment the attack was made, supports of the Queen's Own were thrown out on each side of the road, with instructions to clear the wood on either flank. In this force the column steadily advanced some distance, when a rattling file fire from the Fenian skirmishers was opened upon the volunteers, who replied, gradually forcing the enemy back. This, which may be said to be the first of the actual battle, commenced at about eight o'clock, and at from three to three and a half miles from Stevensville. The movement of throwing out supports and advance firing was performed by the Queen's Own with all the steadiness of well trained regulars. They pressed forward still, when Major Gillmor, in command of the Queen's Own, reported his men were running out of ammunition, and the right wing of the 13th Battalion and York rifles relieved them. The movement of changing front was well executed, and the appearance very fine. The Queen's Own being in green uniform, and the 13th in red, the change of green for a red front for the column had a picturesque effect. Whether the appearance of the red coats caused the Fenians to fear that they were regulars, or that the general steadiness of the entire column, evidently impressed them with the idea that the entire column were veteran troops; certain it is that at this point they made a somewhat rapid movement to the rear, making for the woods, and falling back, as it turned out afterwards, on their reserves. They were closely pressed, and had been driven about a mile, and during their advance the commanding officer of the Fenians, who rode a light bay or cream-coloured horse, was shot, and the Fenians threw away their arms, camp kettles, papers, &c., many of which have been picked up by farmers and others, as trophies of the Fenian invasion."

The following is from the *Toronto Globe* :—

On Saturday morning early the main body broke up their camp, and, calling in their outposts, marched with activity in the direction of Port Colborne, on the Welland Canal. They had moved up eight or nine miles from Fort Erie, when they encountered the advance guard of a force of volunteers less than 900 strong, under the command of Colonel Booker, of the 13th batalion of Hamilton volunteers, who had that regiment with him, the Queen's Own of Toronto, and the York and Caledonia companies. This force had assembled at Port Colborne, a station at the mouth of the Welland Canal, and also a station of the Welland and Buffalo and Lake Huron Railways. It had marched early in the morning for the purpose of joining Colonel Peacocke, who, with Colonel Hoste's battery of artillery and some companies of the 47th and 16th regulars, was then lying at Chippawa, and about to move, in concert with Colonel Booker, upon Fort Erie. * * * * * He left Port Colborne by the Grand Trunk Railway, but disembarked his troops from the cars at Ridgeway, about four miles from that place. He then marched three miles on foot, where he encountered the advanced guard of the raiders. The Queen's Own Toronto regiment had the advance, threw out their sharp-shooters, and advanced gallantly to meet the enemy, who had not

expected to be attacked with so much vigour, and immediately retired. The Queen's Own continued to follow them up for more than a mile, manœuvring as if on parade, and keeping up a continuous fire, which the raiders admit to have been of the most vigorous and galling kind, and which they could not stand in the open field. The local name of this scene is the Smuggler's Hole, a lone, swampy spot of some extent. Through this our gallant fellows drove the enemy, sometimes up to their knees in mud and water, but steadily pressing forward for a mile. At this moment the Fenians in their retreat reached a rising ground covered with large trees, and here the Fenian leader halted his men, and told them that if they did not stop the advance of the volunteers, they were certain to be hanged, and that they had better take the chance of the bullet. The Fenians then advanced with some vigour, and, extending their wings, endeavoured to outflank our men. And here occurred a mishap incident to all newly raised troops. A cry was raised that cavalry were coming. The commanding officer ordered his men to form in square, a proper proceeding had there been any cavalry near, but the very reverse of what was necessary when an attempt was made to outflank. The orders were speedily corrected, but the troops were in some confusion, and some of the detached companies in the rear began to retire. The alarm spread to a portion of the 13th battalion, and they, too, began to fall back. Their officers endeavoured to prevent them vigorously. The Queen's Own, who occupied the advance, held their own firmly, even commencing to extend their wings, to meet the flanking movement of the enemy. The rear troops having retired, however, it became necessary for it also to retrograde, and Major Gillmor, who was in command, and behaved with distinguished bravery, ordered a retrograde movement. The men turned, however, every now and then, and fired upon the enemy, kept well in line, and speedily formed up, when brought into confusion by the rapid pace and the uneven ground. The Fenians showed no desire to pursue them, but followed only to the place where the contest commenced. We do not like to individualize where all did well, but the Highland company is said to have been specially firm in checking the advance of the enemy. •

Although a portion of these volunteers, who had never been under fire before, gave way in confusion, another stood its ground manfully. There were no braver men than the 13th battalion. The Fenians admit that our men advanced with great courage and steadiness, and that their fire was very telling, and notwithstanding the retreat they abandoned forever all hopes of reaching the canal.*

* "Gen." John O'Neil, the Fenian hero, who figured so extensively in Buffalo and vicinity during the Fenian excitement, in a late speech at his home in Nashville, Tenn., thus alludes to the Queen's Own:—"I desire here to correct a very common but false report that the Queen's Own would not fight. This is a great mistake. They did fight bravely. I have been in many battles during the past four years, but never did I witness an advance more beautifully made, or more gallantly, or more formidably. They advanced well, and fought well for a short time. But they over-estimated the power of their numbers and their discipline, and they under-estimated the courage and unyielding spirit of their opponents, who were tried soldiers in many battles, fighting, not for pay, but to avenge the seven hundred years of wrongs to their country, and all ready to die for Irish Independence. Not a man was there who thought of retreating from these splendid looking fellows—not one not ready to lay down his life for the cause."

It may not be amiss to insert here the Fenian bulletin, which certainly has the merit of brevity, and the further merit of some tall lying.

Headquarters of the Fenian Brotherhood, No. 706, Broadway,
New York, June 2, 1866.

The Irish Republican army, under command of Colonel John O'Neil, met the British troops at a place called Ridgeway, Upper Canada. The British forces were composed of volunteers, and a regiment of militia called the "Queen's Own." The British outnumbered the Irish army two to one. The fighting was desperate, and lasted about three hours, during which time the Fenians were twice driven back, but again regained their position. Finally, the Irish army charged the British at the point of the bayonet, and drove them from the ground and remained masters of the field, which their Irish valour had so nobly won. The Indianapolis troops led the final charge. The battle-field was covered with the *debris* of the beaten army.

In addition to the statements given above a number of interesting incidents occurred during the fight, some of which cannot well be introduced into the narrative, but which are, nevertheless, worthy of preservation.

INCIDENTS OF THE FIGHT.

When the enemy was first signalled in sight, two miles from Ridgeway, the advance guard, No. 5 Company, Queen's Own, armed with Spencer repeating rifles, immediately extended from the centre, while No. 1 company extended to the left and No. 2 to the right, No. 3 supporting centre skirmishers, and No. 4 the left. No. 6 were detailed on the flank. These were afterwards recalled to the main road, fronted and formed support to the centre and rear of No. 5; this position taken up, the skirmishers advanced about a mile before the enemy was discovered. A halt was then sounded, and fire was opened by the enemy along the whole line.

Among the first shots was that which carried its deadly message to Ensign McEachren, of No. 5, Queen's Own, in charge of the 4th section of company 5, and who had found cover with his men behind a rail fence. He rose on his knees and looked at the enemy, when he received a ball in the abdomen which passed almost entirely through his body. He fell with the exclamation "I am shot!" and was carried to the rear. He was quite sensible up to the time of his death, and occupied the last time he had to live in sending through Captain Edwards and others messages of affection to his wife. He was attended in his last moments by the Rev. Mr. Burwash, of Hamilton. He was sick, but would not be invalidated previously. Just before death he remarked that he had often dreamt of dying thus, and said it was realized. His death is regretted by the entire force. To resume, the enemy advanced on our right, occupying high ground on the edge of the wood. The University corps, under acting Captain Whitney, being ordered to advance and extend skirmishing line to the right, the Highland company further extending to prevent their being flanked. The fire on this part of the line was very heavy and continued so, but as the enemy fell back to their right, the fire was directed upon No. 6, which had gone to the left front, holding a road, orchards, and farm buildings, on their advance line. The buildings were a strong position for the enemy, and was supplemented by a lane or road, from which they were speedily dislodged by a very heavy fire from No. 6 Co.,

Capt. Adams. This place gave evidence of the severity of the fire which had been maintained upon the Fenians, for there were quantities of their accoutrements thrown away—rifles, over-coats, jackets and canteens strewn the ground in all directions.

As a circumstance which is commendable, and which is of great importance, worthy of being repeated in future engagements, as a means of encouraging the men, the officers of many companies were seen to use the rifle themselves, discarding their swords.

No. 6 Company—the junior company in the battalion, familiarly called “the babies”—exhibited gallant bravery, and attracted the admiration of the whole. After this position had been retained for some time, ammunition was getting low, and while holding the position, the right wing of the 13th battalion of Hamilton was extended and advanced to relieve the skirmishers. Owing to their advance, the main body of the enemy also advanced, their mounted leaders appearing on the road, creating the idea that they had cavalry who were about to charge.

The Hamilton 13th battalion had by this time advanced and continued, marching to within 60 yards of the Fenian line, when in some unaccountable way they were halted. A few of them, including several officers, nobly came up to the advance line. The position of the skirmishers was still maintained for a short time, but, the enemy advancing in full force, the line was compelled to retire, and the retreat commenced, the men retiring sullenly, and keeping up a sharp fire.

No. 9 University and the 10th Highlanders suffered severely from this time, as their position was much exposed, at a distance from the main body, and quite at the rear. No. 1 company, under Captain Brown, was ordered to advance to protect the retreat and cover the main body; but, finding themselves unsupported and the Fenian fire so heavy, they were ordered to retire, which they did, keeping up a sharp fire on the advancing Fenians.

It was at this time that Ensign Fahey, No. 1 company, was shot in the leg, and Lieut. Campbell, of No. 6, received a wound in the arm. Capt. Boustead was knocked down by the retreating men and trampled upon, receiving severe injuries in the breast. He was carried by his company, as were most of the wounded, by other comrades, a considerable distance, and exhibited, as did all the wounded, a disregard for their injuries.

A retreat now became inevitable, the failure to seize either the houses on the flanks or to deploy, making it absolutely necessary in order to save the column from being cut to pieces. At this point Ensign T. A. McLean, of No. 6 company, in crossing a fence, accidentally received a violent blow from the butt end of a comrade's musket, which threw him down with considerable violence, stunning him to such an extent that it was impossible to keep up with the column. He made for the woods on the right, which having reached, he laid down under cover to watch the advance of the Fenian column. He says that they advanced with skirmishers well extended; their main body apparently never attempting to come up with the retreating column. The Fenian advance maintained a very steady fire, but were apparently checked by the fire of the retreating column. Mr. McLean then made his way across the country, and was most kindly treated by the inhabitants, as have been all to whom assistance was necessary belonging to our forces.

To resume our narrative of the retreat. The column commanded to retrace their steps repeatedly kept up a rattling fire upon the enemy, and made stands on the way to check the advance of the enemy. The exertions made by the gallant Major Gillmor to preserve the organization of his regiment and effect an orderly retreat, were particularly noticeable. The exertions of Ensign Arthurs, No. 4 Company, in the same direction, were also very noticeable. The gallantry of the University company cost them very severely. They held their post until the last moment, and suffered in killed and wounded more than any other company. We may also mention the coolness of No. 6 Victoria and No. 8 Trinity College, of the Queen's Own; and particularly of the Caledonia Rifles, which was very conspicuous. These companies rallied several times and formed on their coverers in an orderly manner, as if on parade. The York company also deserve honourable mention, having specially distinguished themselves in action.

I must not omit to call attention to the bravery of a member of the London Scottish Highlanders, who had volunteered to serve with the Highlanders under Capt. Gardiner, who, by the way, also deserves praise for efforts to maintain a bold front before the advance of the Fenians. This gentleman, Colour Sergeant Lockie, his tall figure conspicuous by the gray kilt of the regiment to which he belonged, was continually seen in the rear of the retreating column, firing, loading and halting to deliver his fire as coolly as on parade. His gallant conduct elicited the warmest admiration from his comrades of the brigade.

While the column was retreating, two members of the University Company No. 9 Queen's Own, Private D. Junor, and Corporal Ellis, were taken prisoners by the Fenian forces; the former whilst staying behind to attend to his wounded comrade, the latter being overtaken he knows not how. After being captured they were marched with the rear guard of the Fenians as far as Ridgeway, where they met the main body of the Fenians returning from the pursuit, and afterwards marched with them to Fort Erie. The two gentlemen speak in the highest terms of the treatment received at the hands of the Fenians.

Ensign Whitney, of Trinity College, who, during the action, was in command of the University company, their officer not arriving in time for the action, showed great bravery in leading his company up to within fifty yards of the Fenian line, fearlessly exposing himself to the fire of the enemy.

A curious incident is related of Corporal McLean, No. 8 University College, Queen's Own. Whilst escaping, previous to taking aim at a Fenian, his rifle was struck on the upper band, cutting the nose cap right away.

Capt. Sherwood, of the same company, had the band taken off his collar, and a piece taken out of his sleeve by a bullet, without being even wounded.

Private J. B. Robinson, Trinity College rifles, was struck by a Fenian bullet right over the heart, but miraculously escaped by having a penny in his waistcoat pocket, which shivered the bullet in three pieces, leaving him only very slightly hurt and able to march with the column.

Private Biscoe, of Trinity College, was struck by a bullet which took off the button on his shoulder, doing him no injury. About the last man struck was Ensign Fahey, Queen's Own, who was covering the retreat. He was using the rifle of a fallen comrade, and when he fell he was left in a neighbouring house and treated kindly by the Fenians.

Several members of No. 5 Company Queen's Own had a narrow escape from being captured by the Fenians through their perseverance in remaining out among the very last of the skirmishers. Sergt. L. A. Rattray, Corporals Bland and A. T. Elliot only escaped by the thoughtfulness of a farmer's wife, who supplied them with disguises, by means of which they made their way safely to Port Colborne.

Sergt. Foster, No. 7 Company, was struck by a bullet opposite the heart, tearing his dress and grazing the skin, but leaving him otherwise uninjured. Private Alderson, No. 7 Company, Queen's Own, was shot through the heart, and Private Tempest, No. 9 University Rifles, was shot through the head, while doing their duty as brave soldiers. Private McKenzie, also of University rifles, was found dead in the woods; and Private Mewburn, of same company, died from exhaustion. These were all honour men of the University, Toronto.

THE ADVENTURES OF A QUEEN'S OWN MAN.

A private belonging to the 9th company of the Queen's Own" supplies us with a few details respecting the battle at Ridgeway, on Saturday last. The "Queen's Own," he says, moved on the enemy from the right. They were bivouacked in the woods, and would not fight long in the open field, but kept retiring in the woods. Our informant was one of the skirmishers on the extreme right, and towards the end of the fight found himself alone and in the midst of the enemy. They called on him to surrender, but he refused, and avowed himself determined to fight to the last. He had a four-barreled revolver, loaded, in his possession, with which he despatched two Fenians. A shot was fired at him which went through his shako, sending it he knew not where, and scattering some biscuits which the poor fellow had in it. He then made for the nearest fence and escaped to the woods. He at length arrived at Fort Erie, and was so weary and tired that he stretched himself on the ground. He lost his shako and rifle, but certainly behaved very bravely.

FURTHER INCIDENTS OF THE RIDGEWAY ENGAGEMENT.

It is said one of the Queen's Own, private Hines, was taken prisoner by a squad of Fenians, and his rifle taken from him and handed to the officer by one of the Fenians. The officer took the shooting-iron and eyed it rigorously, and swore emphatically that it would never shoot another Fenian, and at the same moment struck the butt with great violence on a stone, when the Canadian rifle, being full cocked, and not liking Fenian treatment, went off, and the charge entered the throat of the Fenian, and thus brought his existence, as an old veteran expressed it, to a *shootable finale*, as a punning friend has expressed it.

Another, whose name we regret we do not know, was in close conflict with two Fenians who pressed him at the point of the bayonet. He retreated across a fence and fell, when one of the Fenians dashed at him with his bayonet and pinned him to the ground, the bayonet passing through his arm. He pulled a revolver with the other hand and shot the Fenians one after another and escaped.

Private Graham, of the Queen's Own, in getting over a fence, caught his foot between the top rails and swung over, his head downwards, and was unable to extricate himself. A shower of Fenian bullets whistled

around him without injury, when a comrade came to his rescue and relieved him, but was himself seriously wounded.

Private Kingsford was wounded and taken prisoner. The Fenians carried him to a farm house, got him breakfast, gave him a number of paper collars, a bottle of *eau de cologne*, and took great care of him while he was in their hands.

The retreating column arrived at Port Colborne in the afternoon, the Fenians having given up the pursuit at Ridgeway Station. It was expected, however, that during the night an attack would be made upon the town, and all the men were accordingly kept at their posts, to patrol the streets and the neighbouring country.

At 4 a. m., on Sunday, the column commanded by Capt. Akers, of the Royal Engineers, proceeded by train to within two miles of Ridgeway station, from whence they marched north into the country until they struck the road leading to Fort Erie, passing the battle-field of the day before. Although they expected every moment to come across the enemy, the skirmishers' march was not interrupted, and the column arrived at Fort Erie late on Sunday afternoon, having had a very fatiguing march with hardly any food, and without sleep for three days. The 13th battalion, under Col. Booker, was left as a guard at Port Colborne.

COLONEL DENNIS' SKIRMISH.

The fighting was not, however, over for the day. The tug *Robb* had been brought from Buffalo by Capt. McCallum, and placed at the disposal of the volunteers. Col. Dennis took on board the Welland Battery, 58 men, 12 officers, and the Dunnville Naval Brigade, 43 men, 13 officers, and thus manned steamed down the river on Friday night to reconnoitre, thinking it likely that he would meet Col. Booker at Fort Erie in the morning. At various points Fenian stragglers were captured, to the number of fifty or sixty, and touching at Fort Erie Col. Dennis landed the Welland Battery, while he went down the river to Cumminsville to Col. Peacocke. After his return, the Fenians heard that there was a small volunteer force at Fort Erie, and (we quote from the *Globe* correspondent) marched swiftly to the attack. At 2 o'clock they appeared on the high land near Waterloo. Col. Dennis and his men were on the wharf beside the tug which had brought the troops from Port Colborne in the morning, and had stowed away in the lower part of the tug about 60 Fenian prisoners, when a scout came in and said that 400 Fenians were on the hills coming that way. At once Col. Dennis ordered his men to form and advance.

Before going further I may state that the Fenian prisoners were desperately frightened. Several were wounded, and they seemed glad to have got off with their lives. When they were put in the hold a guard was placed over them. This took place while Col. Dennis' troops were hurriedly falling in. At once the men marched off up the hill, and in a few minutes I saw the Fenians on the heights. They were defiling northward in the direction of Chippewa. They dodged along the fences, partly shaded by trees, while the volunteers were about a gunshot below, going in the opposite direction. Pretty soon the order was given to march in another direction. The Fenians followed, and then firing began. The volunteers fired dropping shots at the enemy, and the latter replied briskly. This evoked loud cheers from the thousands of sympathisers who lined the

American side of the river, and just then a crowd of some 50 people on Waterloo wharf made a dash down the river road to get out of the reach of the firing.

When the Fenians and troops came opposite the wharf there was a momentary halt, and the firing became heavy and promiscuous. About half-past two, the Fenians fired a general volley, and Gen. O'Neil ordered a charge with fixed bayonets. With a wild cheer, which was rung out again from the opposite shore, the Fenians dashed down with their bayonets fixed. Col. Dennis called on his men to prepare to receive the enemy. Having fired a couple of volleys, the volunteers went under cover of the houses which are thickly clustered round the wharf. But here the troops became scattered, and in a few minutes they attempted to retreat; but the movement ended in a general run. The Fenians followed, firing rapidly, for about a mile, and the volunteers returned the fire, and then ran along the river road and into the woods. Soldiers' hats and belts and cartouche boxes were found here and there.

During the skirmish, some soldiers went into one of the houses and fired on the Fenians, but the latter returned the fire and took some volunteers prisoners, wounding one. The reverse was caused, in my judgment, by the soldiers in charge of the tug, shoving her off into the river at the commencement of the action, in order to secure their prisoners. This, and the flight of non-combatants seemed to contribute to the subsequent retreat.

Soon after the fight the Fenians threw out skirmishers, posted sentries, and having formed and marched a little threw themselves on the grass worn out and hungry, and eagerly snatched a meal.

I went to see and talk with them, and a more forlorn, wasted, tired look than most of them had, it is difficult to conceive. For the past three days, some of them told me, that they had hardly any rest or a whole meal, while to-day they had to fight twice. They say that when they broke up camp last night they marched till eleven and then slept for four hours, and from that time till three this afternoon, had been incessantly marching or fighting. They were so worn out that when formed into marching order, after the Waterloo fight, they could not keep step, and except the officers and a few men, looked very shabby and ill-conditioned. Each one had a gun, a revolver, and dirks. Most of them had overcoats.

The Fenians admit having three or four killed and some wounded.

The steamer *Michigan* did not come in sight till the firing was all over, and another tug load of Fenians had come from the opposite shore to Waterloo.

Most of the volunteers left in the direction of the main body at Chip-pawa. There were loud and frequent cheers from the American shore when the Canadians retreated.

The following is a list of the names of the volunteer prisoners captured in the fight, but subsequently abandoned :

Lieut. Schofield, Robert Offspring, Gideon Griswold, William Brown, John Waters, Patrick Roach, Samuel Cook, Thomas Boyle, Stephen Beattie, Vilroy McKee, Joseph Rearly, Jonathan W. Hager, Charles Nimms, Isaac Pew, William Black, Robert Armstrong, Jacob Gardner, Edward Armstrong, J. H. Boyle, James Coleman, Charles Campbell, Isaac Dickerson, S. Radcliffe, Morris Weaver, Sergeant-Major Boyle, all of the Welland Canal Field Battery.

James S. Greenhill, Joseph Simpson, 13th Battalion, Hamilton.

— Spencer, Queen's Own.

R. W. Hines, No. 8, Queen's Own, Trinity College.

William Ellis, D. Junor, No. 9, Queen's Own, University.

Colin Forsyth, No. 10 company, Queen's Own, Highland.

Samuel McCormack, James Robertson, Abram Thewlis, George B. McGee, Thomas Arderley, William Burgess, Harry Neff, Wm. Nugent, Joseph Gamble, all of Naval Brigade, Dunnville.

B. Judge, civilian, Fort Erie.

We append another brief account from the same paper.

On the approach of the Fenians to that place, about four o'clock, p.m., their approach was resisted by the Port Robinson foot artillery and a part of the Dunnville company, in all about 58 men. A fight ensued. The volunteers consisted of the Port Colborne artillery and a few of the naval brigade. This little force bravely encountered ten times their number, and actually took 83 prisoners and a large quantity of ammunition and arms, and placed them in security on board the steamer *Robb*. Captain King, regarding this as sufficient proof of the gallantry of his command, prepared to draw off into the steamer, but Colonel Dennis afterwards directed the force to land and again engage the enemy, who manifested a disposition to hesitate in approaching the village. It appeared, however, that the hesitation was only to concentrate their forces. Their right made a flank movement, taking the volunteers, who were on the low land near the river, completely by surprise, as they supposed that the force in their front comprised the whole number of Fenians on the ground. Our gallant fellows, however, did not hesitate to attack the enemy, and, as a consequence, the men began to fall fast. Captain King himself was among the first wounded, a bullet shattering his ankle joint, besides other two wounds of minor consequence. His leg was amputated at Buffalo.

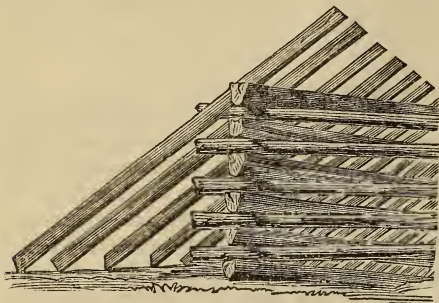
Seeking support, our brave men retired to the house of the post-master, immediately opposite the steamer *Robb*, when the Fenians made a heavy charge down the hill, in the direction of the tug, with the object of seizing her and releasing the prisoners; but Capt. McCallum, who saw the object, frustrated their attempt by at once moving into the stream under a heavy Fenian fire. Capt. McCallum acted bravely, for, with only a few men to man his vessel altogether, he sent ashore the greater number of them to assist the gallant band struggling there, and undertook to secure the prisoners and man the boat with the remainder. While steering his boat, a ball passed within an inch of his head, riddling the wheel-house without moving him from his post.

Losing this game, the Fenians attacked the brave little band in the post-office, who, at last, seeing resistance becoming hopeless, surrendered. Thirty-eight men comprised the whole force, and they only yielded after the house had been completely riddled by balls. Several times the Fenians charged at the door, but the bravery of the Welland Battery withstood their attack until they were overpowered. Except three, they were all taken prisoners, and, for the time, held in the possession of the Fenians.

We give herewith a sketch of the Limeridge Battle Ground, shewing the disposition of the Fenian forces at the commencement of the battle, and the position they subsequently took and maintained until the retreat of the volunteers. It has been furnished to us by the courtesy of a Staff

Officer. All the items indicated have been carefully verified, and it will, with the accompanying notes, form a most valuable aid in understanding the action.

NOTES ACCOMPANYING SKETCH OF FIELD OF ACTION AT LIMESTONE RIDGE, 2ND JUNE, 1866.



The Fenians, it would appear, were marching southerly, along the Ridge road, the head of their column, which consisted of from 700 to 900 men, having arrived at (B), when they became aware of the approach of the volunteers from Ridgeway. They advanced to the cross roads at A A, where they constructed a rude protection (extending for about 60 or 70 rods) by removing the fence on the north side of the road, and placing them points down over the fence opposite (see sketch) and having thrown some picquets in advance, where shewn, waited attack.

The Volunteers, at this time about a quarter of a mile south of the garrison road (line L M) being made aware that the enemy was about a mile or so in front of them, immediately extended and advanced in that order to the said road, where they increased the front of their skirmishing line, and continued the advance, coming into action first (at about 400 yards) with the enemy's picquets upon the road in front of their position.

These they drove in, and steadily advancing the Fenians abandoned their position at A A, which was taken possession of by our men.

The Fenians do not appear to have made anything of a stand here, but fell back firing from the cover at the points D E F G H, their main body being in a pine scrub or thicket at K, from some one of those points undoubtedly came the shots which killed our two men who were found at 8 and 9.

There is no doubt but that some portion of our men crossed this road, following up the enemy. From this advanced position it would appear they killed the Fenians whose bodies were found at 3, 4, 5 and 6—near the point 3 also the horse was killed, ridden by one of the Fenian officers. This horse they had stolen from Mr. Douglas, of Fort Erie. As they fell back they had hastily constructed a second barricade of fence rails, timber, and anything they could lay their hands on, at (B). This would seem to have been about the condition of affairs when the enemy made an advance. Our thin skirmish line, not being properly supported, was thrown into confusion—a cry of “*cavalry coming*” tending to increase it. Square was formed on the road where shewn, and while in square one man (fig. 10) was killed.

The column had barely been reformed, the officer commanding seeing no cavalry, and being aware of the increased risk to his men from this formation, when the running back of the troops on the right, followed by the enemy close upon them, imparted a panic to those on the road, and they also broke and ran.

Enlarged Plan of GROUND AT LIMERIDGE,

shewing the position of the
COMBATANTS,
and of those who fell in the
SKIRMISH.

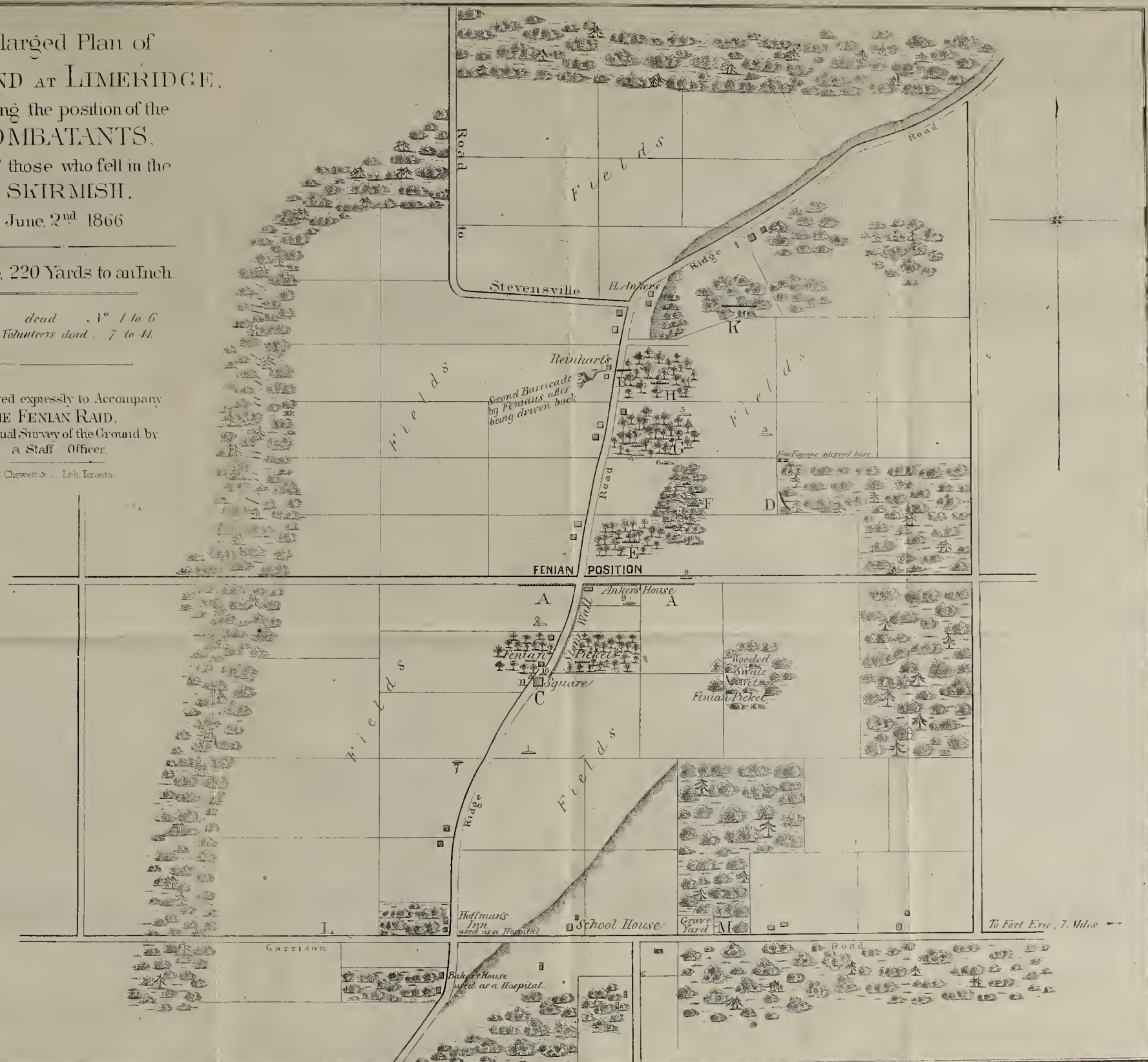
June 2nd 1866

Scale, 220 Yards to an Inch.

*Fenian dead 1st 1 to 6
Canadian Volunteers dead 7 to 11.*

Engraved expressly to Accompany
THE FENIAN RAID,
from actual Survey of the Ground by
a Staff Officer.

W.C. Chewett & Co. Lith. Toronto.



they also broke and ran.

nd

The foregoing statements of fact connected with the operations of the military, on the late short campaign against the Fenians are from personal observations, corroborated by the published reports of the several officers concerned. To these we had proposed to restrict ourselves.

We are led, however, in view of the publication of a book styled—"History of the Fenian Raid on Fort Erie, with an account of the Battle of Ridgeway," which appears to have been written with the view of distorting the facts, and attempting to injure the reputation of estimable and efficient officers, to gratify the personal jealousy and childish vanity of the writer, to copy the following unanswerable article on the subject, from the *Daily Telegraph* of 26th June last :—

It may be said that it is much easier to plan campaigns at the writing desk than to carry one's plans into execution in the field; and that the mere critic revels in a paradise of facilities. Taking it for granted that it is so, we undertake the comparatively light task of comment, while we allow those whose speciality it is to conduct campaigns to supply our materials. If we cannot manœuvre an army, we can, at least, judge whether manœuvres are successful, and that, too, without any very severe mental exertion. A short campaign has been brought to a close, and we have before us a variety of documentary evidence on which to base conclusions. We have the reports of the officers in command, and also an interesting number of the *Globe* newspaper, containing four columns of a brief review of operations. Now, we wish it to be understood that we have no personal quarrel with Col. Peacocke. The campaign was not so successful as it should have been. There was mismanagement somewhere, and we want to find out who is responsible for it.

An examination of details will, we think, support our assertions. There were two probable points of attack, namely, the Suspension Bridge and the Welland Canal. On Friday morning volunteers were sent to Port Colborne and regulars to Chippawa. Here is the first mistake. The volunteers should have been accompanied by some regulars, as the danger was equal at both places. The next point to be noticed is that the Toronto volunteers got orders to move on Thursday night, and were off at five o'clock in the morning of Friday. The first movement of the regulars took place from Toronto, although Col. Peacocke had the 16th regiment at Hamilton, in this case three or four hours nearer St. Catharines, so that the volunteers had reached their destination before the regulars had set out from Hamilton. The volunteers left Toronto at 5 a. m. and the regulars at 2 p. m. This is the second mistake. Surely the regulars could have been got away as soon as "raw" volunteers.

Again, about eight hundred volunteers were sent to a point of extreme danger, wholly unsupported by regulars, where they would have had, as was expected, to withstand the whole Fenian force (General Napier told them that they might look for fighting before twenty-four hours,) and yet without a single piece of artillery. At the time they left there was a battery in Toronto and another in Hamilton. Why was this? We understand that Col. Mountain wished Gen. Napier to send two guns with them, but that he declined to permit it. But what excuse has the *Globe* to offer for this shortsighted act.

"The military authorities have been blamed for dispatching this force without artillery. It would doubtless have been better had artillery been

sent with them. But it will be observed that it was supposed that the object of the raid was the destruction of the locks on the Welland Canal, a presumption confirmed by the after movements of the Fenians, and the *first object was to place troops* on the line of the canal for its defence, and to have waited for artillery would have involved delay."

If the "first object" was to place troops along the canal for its protection, why were the Queen's Own hurried along its entire length, picking up *en route* two volunteer companies at Port Robinson and Welland, and leaving all the locks and docks uncovered? Why were the volunteers thrust into Port Colborne? So we see that the "first object" was not the first object. But "to have waited for artillery would have involved delay," says the *Globe*. We are thankful for the admission that delay was of some moment, as we intend to use the word hereafter. The same reason did not hold good in Hamilton. Col. Peacocke took artillery with him when he started at *two o'clock* that day. There is no use beating about the bush. There was an indisposition to trust the volunteers with artillery, and Gen. Napier is the person on whose head the responsibility rests of sending the flower of our youth into the jaws of death, of exposing to almost certain destruction young fellows who had never seen a shot fired in anger; and all for the sake of preserving one or two guns. But there is more in this retention of cannon than there at first seems. Had a few guns been sent with the volunteers to Port Colborne, one might have been placed on board the tug on which Col. Dennis and his little band embarked. With this gun the Fenians might have been prevented from escaping, or have been sent to their final doom, as one well directed shot could have sunk the scow and its contents beneath the waters of the Niagara river. This nervous care for Armstrong guns and bold trifling with the lives of our volunteers we pronounce to be the third—mistake.

The volunteers were sent off both from Toronto and Hamilton wholly unprepared in respect of equipments to stand the hardships of a campaign. This might be termed the fourth mistake.

Although it was evident that cavalry would be of immense service at the front, Major Denison's troop was not ordered away until Saturday. On the day previous, we took upon ourselves to suggest in these columns the propriety of their services being made available. The neglect shown in this respect may be classed as the fifth mistake of the series.

When an invasion takes place, it is supposed that the ablest men of the enemy head the movement; so it is advisable for the party attacked to confront the foe with their best material. But Col. Peacocke "*had never been in the field before*," and "the officer appointed, to put down the invasion knew nothing of the ground upon which he had to operate, and was not supplied with a map which showed the leading roads." If Col. Peacocke started without a map of the country in which he was to operate, (Maps easily obtained of any bookseller in Hamilton, and which were in the hands of some of the privates), he must have had a singular idea of what was required of him. Taking it for granted, however, that such was the case, he might have derived some valuable information from Major Dennis, who being a P. L. Surveyor, had familiarized himself with that region of country in his professional capacity, we are justified, we

think, in concluding that by sending Col. Peacocke to the front as a director of operations a mistake was committed. This is the sixth.

At the time the volunteers left Toronto for Port Colborne, it was not known where the Fenian attack would be made, yet with the chances in favour of an attack there, no regular officer was sent to lead them, or to give Col. Booker the benefit of his experience. When we say regular officer, we of course refer to an officer who has had experience in the field. Thus we arrive at the seventh mistake.

Having thus shown that mistakes were committed at the outset of this campaign, let us see what the results were. At 2 p. m., on Friday, Col. Peacocke, with 200 men of the 16th regiment, joined a force from Toronto consisting of 200 of the 47th and a battery of horse artillery, and moved on Chippawa by rail. There he bivouacked for the night, and was reinforced at 4.30 a. m. by 250 regulars and 765 volunteers. He resolved to effect a junction with the volunteers at Port Colborne, selecting Stevensville as the point of junction, Capt. Akers having been despatched to communicate with and advise Col. Booker. We now come to this young officer's movements and instructions.

Col. Peacocke says:—"I despatched that officer at 12 o'clock to communicate with the officer commanding at Port Colborne to make him conversant with my views, and to meet me at Stevensville between *ten and eleven o'clock* next (Saturday) morning, informing him that I should start at *six o'clock*."

Col. Booker states "In accordance with instructions received from Col. Peacocke, through Capt. Akers, I proceeded by train at 5 a. m. to Ridgeway Station * * in order to form a junction with Col. Peacocke at Stevensville at 9 to 9.30 a. m."

Capt. Akers testifies:—"Col. Peacocke was to move on Stevensville, so as to arrive there about 9.30 a. m., Lt. Col. Dennis to move along the railway to Ridgeway * * and march from thence to meet Col. Peacocke at Stevensville at the *above hour*; and from thence the combined forces were to march on the supposed position."

There can be no doubt, looking at the evidence of Col. Booker and Capt. Akers, that the orders were positive to be at Stevensville at from 9 to 9.30 a. m. It was Booker's obedience to these orders that brought him into conflict with the Fenians. Had he delayed and frittered away the time, what would have been said of the volunteers? And had he not marched at the time he did, and met the enemy where he did, the probability is that the Fenian force would have passed between the troops of Col. Peacocke and Col. Booker, and the Welland Canal been cut in two or more places, to the great joy and service of the Buffalo people.

Col. Booker having got into the fight, the writer in the *Globe* ventures to enter into his thoughts, which he thus puts on paper:

"He had a force which, however brave and ready for action, was utterly inexperienced and unprovided with artillery and cavalry, without which infantry are comparatively useless. There can be no doubt that prudential motives, to say nothing of military tactics, would have dictated a halt, and an examination of the enemy's position. Both men and officers were, however, eager for the contest. The advance was at once sounded, and the fight commenced."

A halt at such a moment would have robbed inexperienced troops of their nerve and of all faith in their commander. Prudential motives and such

knowledge of military tactics as volunteers have received imperatively demanded an advance. When Col. Peacocke's telegram arrived, saying that he had changed his mind and would sleep at Chippawa for two hours longer, it was too late. The issue had been accepted. But the *Globe* says, "the origin of the error lay in marching too early." We say the origin of the error lay in Col. Peacocke's marching too late.

Reverse the picture. Had Booker's 800 volunteers been too late, and had Col. Peacocke with 400 regulars and a battery of artillery been placed under fire and compelled—as amateur soldiers sometimes are—to fall back, would not the public voice, from Sandwich to Gaspe, have thundered a denunciation of the volunteers.

Here is rather an amusing paragraph:—

"Had the volunteer force not moved so early, the *Fenians would probably have continued their march to the canal*, and would certainly have been intercepted by Col. Peacocke on his return. Or if the volunteers had merely held their ground when they met the enemy, Col. Peacocke would have come up in the rear, or else the raiders would have beat a *hasty retreat* to Fort Erie, followed by both forces."

Had Col. Booker delayed an hour the Fenians would have crossed the road he marched by, have cut the canal, and then "would certainly have been intercepted on their retreat," when one of our most valued public works had been well nigh ruined.

But let us see what provision Col. Peacocke was making for the interception. When three miles from Stevensville at 11 o'clock on Saturday morning, he received a telegram from Booker to the effect that a fight had taken place about three miles south of that village. So Col. Peacocke was then within six and-a-half miles of the Fenian position with 150 regulars, 76½ volunteers, and a battery of flying artillery. Yet he camped at New Germany two and-a-half miles from Stevensville. Let us consider the policy of this. He must have known that the Fenians were not vastly superior to him in numbers, as 800 hungry, weary volunteers, without a cannon, had fought with them for an hour and-a-half, had driven them a mile and-a-half, and had been able to effect a safe retreat. He must have known that the Fenians could not receive reinforcements before he came up with them, as he had only five and-a-half miles to march before he would confront them. Whichever way you look at it you are driven to the conclusion that a forced march should have been made. If the Fenians were following up the volunteers, Col. Peacocke should have hurried on to prevent their destruction. If the Fenians were still at Lime-Ridge Col. Peacocke should have pushed ahead to cut off their retreat. At 4 o'clock, when he heard that the raiders were falling back, "he left everything behind which would cumber the men and started to follow them, assisted by a valuable accession to his troops — Major Denison's cavalry."* But this little spurt soon exhausted itself. The next sentence (from his report) is *naïve*. "We marched until dark, and halted two and-a-half miles from Erie, the men sleeping on their arms, due precaution being observed." In the morning he was again seized with an insane desire to rush on the foe, but this masterly piece of strategic deter-

* Major Denison, in his book just published, says:—"It was about *half-past five* when he started from New Germany, and the column had only just got in motion when he (Col. Peacocke) was joined by the "Governor General's Body Guard," under my command." Those who can, are quite welcome to reconcile these statements.

mination, though glorious, was abortive, for intelligence reached him that the raiders had escaped during the night.

The *Globe* is ever anxious in its search for excuses. It says with pathos:

"The day was excessively warm, and the men suffered severely from the heat, so that at Germansville the force was compelled to halt, many of the men having fallen out by the way, in spite of all the efforts of their officers."

Poor fellows! Booker's men went out with empty stomachs, and marched and fought under the same sun and in the same heat, but no men fell out. And we venture to say that the regulars and volunteers under Peacocke would have cheerfully gone from New Germany to aid Booker, but unfortunately the well-filled hampers provided by the worthy reeve of Chippawa were very attractive, and an after-dinner march might have interfered with digestion.

Strange to say, Col. Lowry and his force exhibited (as Col. Peacocke must confess) a most improper disregard of the proprieties, and an unseemly haste. Col. Lowry left Toronto at 2 p. m. on Friday, "believing an early arrival at Fort Erie to be most important," went to Black Creek, where he took command of 752 men with two guns, and made a bold push along the Niagara River for Frenchman's Creek, when he heard the Fenians were escaping. Rash man! Was he not aware that there was a chance of having a fight, of losing his two guns. Yet this reckless, this indiscreet regular officer reached Fort Erie at 8.15 on Sunday morning before Col. Peacocke made his appearance at all. Col. Lowry should be court-martialled at once. Had he come up with the Fenians and captured or destroyed them, imagine the consequences, taking the *Globe* as our mentor:

"We have already more prisoners on hand than we shall be inclined either to hang or imprison for any lengthened period."

A consolation—a great consolation, truly! To be burdened with prisoners would have not afflicted us all very seriously. But who would not have been over-joyed at their total destruction? Had we taught them a bloody lesson, the Fenians would not feel much inclined to repeat their attempt on our territory. It is plain that if raids are to be put a stop to it must be by fighting. If the Fenians get hold of the idea that they can alight on any part of our territory, plunder and devastate, and return home in safety before our troops can be thrown upon them, then we may give up, for we shall be ruined by a succession of attacks. Whenever they come across they should be met at once, if anything like a sufficient number of troops can be mustered. It is nonsense to talk of overwhelming them by massing troops in great numbers. They will not wait to confront two or three times their number. Our safety is in prompt attack, and the sooner the experience we have gained be taken to heart by regular officers like Col. Peacocke the better for us all.

We have hitherto followed the Volunteers under Col. Booker and Col. Dennis; we have now to turn our attention to Col. Peacocke, with his detachment, consisting of a portion of the 16th regiment, the 47th, the G. Battery, and sundry Volunteer corps. The regulars, it will be remembered, left Toronto on Friday afternoon, the 1st June, and arrived at Chippawa the same night. We let the correspondent of the *Globe* take up the narrative:

Chippawa, June 2.

The assembly sounded exactly at seven a. m., when the men, who had been under arms all night, and since four o'clock cooking and eating their breakfast around quarters, situated on the track of the Erie and Ontario Railway, a little to the north of the creek, began hurriedly to bundle on their accoutrements, and in a quarter of an hour had all prepared and ready for any consequence that a courageous adherence to their country and their honour might demand of them. For a moment all was commotion; orderlies hurried to and fro, informing divisional commanders of the proposed disposition of the troops; and to captains and majors regarding the positions they should occupy in the line of march, until at last all was in readiness, and the little army marched on their journey amid the cheers of the people of Chippawa. As eight o'clock approached the last of the force was in its place; the baggage, forage and commissariat vans had taken their appropriate positions in rear of the column, and the shrill sound of the bugle was heard to order the advance, when the men marched off joyous and happy as at a festival. The 16th Regiment supplied the advance guard, sent forward as a look-out file, and flanking files were thus despatched. The main body of the advance being under the command of Capt. Horne and Lieut. Taylor, Lieut. Reid commanding the support; the 16th, Major Grant; the artillery, Col. Hoste, with six Armstrong guns, fully charged with grape; the 47th, commanded by Lieut. Col. Villiers; Col. Currie's Lincoln battalion; and the 10th Royals, Major Boxall, who held the honoured distinction of furnishing the rear guard.

Thus, the force will represent the following number of men:—16th, right wing, 350 men and 16 officers; a portion of the 47th, 380 men and 18 officers; Welland volunteers, 350 men and 30 officers; 10th Royals, Toronto, 418 men and 30 officers; Royal Artillery, 90 horses, 200 men and 4 officers; Foot Artillery, 42 men and 3 officers. Total, 1,830 men, 101 officers. The whole force left under command of Col. Peacocke, 16th, Major Grant commanding the regiment, with the Hon. John H. Cameron, and Capt. Elliott, barrack master. On the staff, Lieut. Villiers, of the 47th, Drs. Armstrong and Kimball, and Lieut. Price, adjutant. Given in detail, the following is a list of volunteer battalions and their officers:—10th Royals, Toronto; Major Boxall, commanding: Staff and field officers, Major Sherwood and Captain Varmon; No. 1 company, Capt. McMurrich, Lieut. Patterson, Ensign Cumberland; No. 2, Capt. Hamilton, Lieut. Richardson, Ensign McDonald; No. 3, Capt. Brown, Lieut. Barrett; No. 4, Capt. Stollery, Lieut. Col. Eman, Ensign Rogers; No. 5, Capt. G. Musson, Ensign W. Rolph; No. 6, Capt. Lawrence, Lieut. Winstanley, Ensign Hayward; No. 7, Lieut. Hetherington, Ensign Reid; No. 8, Capt. T. Brunel, Lieut. Shaw, Ensign G. Brunel. Staff, Capt. Richey, paymaster; Newcombe, surgeon; Quarter-master Skinner. Col. Currie's command—Senior Major Powell, Junior Helliwell; Adjutant, S. Pellett. St. Catharines Foot Artillery—Lieut. Wilson, 2nd do., Geo. Goodman. St. Catharines No. 1 company, 20th Bat.—Capt. McDonald, Lieut. Ensign Benson; No. 2 company—Capt. Carlisle, Lieut. Parnell, Ensign Holmes. Beamsville, No. 3 company of 19th Bat.—Capt. Konkle, Lieut. Walker, Ensign Wolverton. Col. Ronald McDonald, of St. Catharines, was also attached.

The morning was lovely, sufficiently bracing to be agreeable, but denoting, as was afterwards realized, warm weather. Taking the concession road, the troops left the town in high spirits, their intention being to strike the river

road, on reaching which the march was continued with occasional stoppages to Black Creek, the troops during the march singing snatches of patriotic songs, the chorus of which made the air ring. One song contained some happy allusions to Canadian loyalty, very applicable to the occasion, and ending in a pleasing chorus—

“For beneath the Union Jack,
We will drive the Fenians back,”

joined in by the volunteers. Thus the monotony of the journey was made agreeable, especially when every moment the earnestly looked for Fenians made dullness an impossibility.

The many disappointments experienced by the men not seeing the invaders where promised, was not however agreeable, but notwithstanding all were happy and jolly. The heat from ten o'clock became very great and far from agreeable, making the 60 rounds and knapsacks of the regulars very oppressive. On this side of Black Creek, the steamer *W. H. Robb*, of Port Colborne, appeared and came to the wharf, having on board a portion of the Dunnville marines, with Col. Dennis.

Col. Dennis has been watching the river about Buffalo to prevent Fenians crossing, and arrested nine, who were given up to the civil power at Black Rock. A kindness, little in itself, but denoting the general anxiety of the people to help their defenders, took place. Large pails of milk were provided for the use of the men by Mr. Percy Beam, a favour they appreciated. Here very contradictory rumours were afloat respecting the Fenians, and very little authentic information was to be had until Mr. Armstrong, the detective, arrived with a despatch from the Queen's Own and Hamilton 13th Battalion, to the effect that, when endeavouring to make a connection with our column, they were attacked while advancing towards us near Ridgeway, by the full strength of the Fenians. This news had little effect on the spirits of the men, but the heat and the length of the march told heavily on them, and all were glad to hear the order to halt at New Germany, in Willoughby township. There Col. Peacocke fixed his headquarters for a time.

At half past 5 he set out again towards Fort Erie, but only reached within three miles of the place when night came on, and he was obliged to wait for the morning. He was at the entrance of a thick wood. Skirmishers had been thrown out, but they could not see one another, and were stumbling about among the underwood. Before the night came on Fenians had been seen, and as it was not known in what numbers they were, or how disposed, it was resolved to wait for the morning. Aroused in the morning by a report that the Fenians were in retreat to Buffalo, they broke up camp, formed a flying column, and arrived at Fort Erie at 8 o'clock,

ESCAPE OF THE FENIANS.

to find that the whole horde had escaped across the river. A few stragglers and outlying pickets were secured, and the last load was secured by the U. S. steamer *Michigan*; but the great bulk escaped to Buffalo, to lie, like Falstaff, of their achievements, and be ready to “fight and run away” at some future day.

The following are the particulars of the escape as telegraphed to the papers:—

Buffalo, June 3, 9 a. m.

Fort Erie was evacuated by the Fenians shortly after two o'clock this morning. The *Express* reporters state that about two o'clock, signals be-

ing made from the camp in the rear of Fort Erie to this side, two powerful tugs steamed out of Buffalo creek, crossed to Fort Erie, and the Fenians commenced the evacuation of Canada. Within half an hour the entire body of troops in the camp proper had returned to the American side.

All the sick and wounded mentioned elsewhere as lying at Lewis House, and the Erie and Niagara Railway station, were abandoned. Not only this, but so rapid was the conception and execution of the plan of retreat, that no notice was given to the picket lines extended along the bank of the river. At the time our reporter left Black Rock (3.30 a.m.) the news had reached the outposts, and a portion of the sentinels were already on the American side. Row-boats were then crossing the river, evidently propelled with a vigour stimulated by fear, and upon the further shore considerable groups of excited Fenians could be seen waiting their turn for transshipment.

At this time, the U. S. steamer *Michigan* lay quietly at the dock of Pratt & Co.'s furnaces, and no signs were to be seen of the picket boats employed for the patrolling of the river. About 800 men are reported to have reached Buffalo on board the two tugs. Some 40 more, calculating the picket guards along the river, escaped in the smaller boats.

Some one hundred and forty Fenians are still straggling in Canada, cut off from all rescue and exposed to the halter.

Great indignation was manifested by the Fenians who had been stationed on outpost duty, at being deserted by their comrades. Had it not been for the approach of a detachment of British cavalry driving them in, it is probable that none of them would have learned of the evacuation in time to escape. When our reporter left, a British column, apparently very strong, was rapidly moving up the river.

Rumours of the intended or desired evacuation were rife in this city before midnight last night. It was understood that much disheartenment prevailed in the camp of the Fenians—that a strong concentration of British forces was known to be going on above and below, and that the enemy would close in upon them at day-break.

The Fenians felt themselves unable to contend with the British troops, and were hopeless of receiving reinforcements. The desire was to escape, but at first there was little hope of being able to escape. But the steamers were secured and got out of the creek, and so a bloody rout was avoided.

THE FENIAN PRISONERS AT BUFFALO.

We may note here that, after being detained by the *Michigan* for a few hours, the prisoners were discharged, the rank and file on their own recognizance, and subsequently the officers on securities of nominal amount.

Much indignation has been expressed against the United States Government for its action in this matter; and certainly it was not what might have been expected, at the same time it must be remembered that no demand was made for extradition, and to have kept all the prisoners would have been an elephant of rather unwieldy proportions on their hands. As to ourselves, we don't want them: we could not hang them, for, although during the excitement of the 1st and 2nd June it would have fared ill with any Fenian prisoners who had fallen into the hands of the Canadians, yet with reflection came moderation; and, while it was felt that they had committed a great crime, it was felt also that we could not put them to death in cold blood; thus there only remained imprisonment for a longer or shorter period—a result satisfactory to no one, and entailing a heavy expense on the

Province. We have plenty on our hands for all practical purposes; and as for those who escaped joining in another raid, the probability is that before it takes place they will have cut one another's throats, or have found a home in some of the States prisons for cutting the throats of the free and enlightened citizens who cheered them on from the shores of Buffalo.

The following is the press account:

Definite action has at length been taken with reference to the *Michigan's* prisoners, by the District Attorney at Buffalo, under the authority of the Attorney General of the United States. The rank and file have been discharged upon their own recognizances to the amount of \$500, binding them to appear if complaint is lodged against them. The officers are to be held in custody in the meantime, charged with a breach of the neutrality laws of the United States. No demand has yet been made by our Government for the extradition of the officers; the rank and file are clearly not worth the trouble of catching, since we have quite enough of these in our hands already to punish as an example. There are good reasons why we should demand the extradition of the officers. We cannot afford to permit bands of robbers to enter our country and to go scot free, provided they are able to escape to the United States. It was to guard against this evil that the Extradition Treaty was arranged. There can be no legal objection to the surrender of these parties. In the case of the St. Albans raiders, it was urged that the prisoners were the subjects of a belligerent power, and that their acts were those of combatants and not robbers. The courts of Upper Canada set aside this reasoning in the case of Burley, one of the captors of the *Philo Parsons*. It cannot be for a moment alleged, however, that the Fenians are the subjects of a belligerent power. In the eye of the law, as in fact, they are robbers and murderers of an ordinary type.

There is something to be said against the attempt at extradition on the score of its expense, and also of keeping up for a long period an irritating question between us and our American neighbours, to be followed, perhaps, by a failure of justice, arising from American sympathy with the prisoners. The matter will doubtless receive the most careful consideration of the authorities, before action is taken.

FURTHER ALARMS.

It is doubtful if the Fenians really contemplated another incursion, after the ignominious result of the Fort Erie raid. Nevertheless the Upper Province (equally with the Lower) was kept in a state of suspense and alarm for some days by reports of demonstrations at various points. The proximate points to American territory were, of course, especially designated. Thus, Windsor, Sandwich, Fort Erie again, and Clifton, were kept in excitement; Goderich and Sarnia were likewise threatened, and the Queen's Own were ordered to Stratford, where they could with ease move on either place. Whatever may have been the intention of the Fenians, no further movement took place in the Western Province. In a few days came the President's Proclamation, and then, after a sullen defiance and a short delay, they moved to their homes.

Windsor, June 3rd, 1866, 10 p. m.

Great excitement has prevailed in town and neighbourhood all this day. Information had been received that some attempt at invasion, by Fenians in

force, would be made in this quarter. It was ascertained that about midnight a small tug with a two-masted scow left the foot of Second Street, Detroit, and sailed down the river, having between 300 and 400 armed men on board. It is yet only a matter of conjecture where these men have gone. The scow returned up the river and came to anchor on this side, at the lower end of the town, about 3 a. m. showing she could not have been far down. She was observed hoisting lights frequently, as if making signals.

Six weeks or so since, 225 cases of arms were received at Detroit, in the storehouse of one Mann—two-thirds of them have been taken away.

Information has been received that at least two hundred Fenians in Detroit have arms now, prepared to leave.

The stipendiary magistrate has sent to have the principal points on the river and lake down to Point au Pelee watched.

The Catholic clergy here have received warning from Detroit to prepare for an attack, as one was certain to be made on this frontier very soon, and might be any hour.

The spirit of the people is shown in the alacrity with which the Gosfield and Mersea companies turned out. The former, farmers and their sons, 18 to 25 miles from this place, some of them over six miles apart. They received orders about 4 p. m. on Friday, and at two in the morning (in 10 hours) arrived here. The Mersea company are scattered, and 35 miles distant. They received orders about eight o'clock, and were here in twelve hours.

Chatham, June 3.

About eleven o'clock this morning our town was thrown into a state of excitement by the report from Windsor that the Fenians were crossing. Our two volunteer companies were speedily under arms; also a detachment of Canadian Rifles, under Captain Boyd, and marched to the station to await the train for Windsor. A messenger was sent to Blenheim to summon the volunteer company of that place to Chatham. The citizens flew to arms, and in less than an hour hundreds were marching the streets, armed with rifles, revolvers and shot guns. A number of farmers have formed a mounted company to watch the coast and report any landing that may be attempted. The report from Windsor proves untrue, and the volunteers were marched back to barracks. The Blenheim company have just arrived.

Fort Erie, June 8.

The gunboat *Fessenden* moved to Tonawanda, 8 miles down the river, last night, and now lies in midstream with ports open and guns shotted. The *Michigan* is lying opposite Black Rock, and the *Commodore Perry* is in front of the city. This disposition of the naval force here is made in anticipation of an attempt at landing to be made this morning.

The headquarters of the 10th Royals was aroused about 1 a. m. by reason of a Fenian alarm, and the whole camp was for some time afterwards a scene of commotion.

The Port Colborne naval brigade, with 2 guns, arrived here about 3 a. m., and in half an hour the tug *Robb* was manned and proceeded down the river to ascertain the cause of the alarm. Nothing was seen, however.

5,000 rounds of ammunition, captured by Captain Lawrence and Ensign McDonald, 10th Royals, opposite Black Creek, were sent to Toronto this afternoon.

A picket of six companies is now furnished daily, and posted about three miles outside the town in every direction.

Major Denison's cavalry are doing good service. Stragglers are closely watched, and strict military discipline is observed. Fenians are leaving Buffalo in large numbers. Some say they are going home in disgust. The action of the American authorities has greatly exasperated them. A strong party arrived from Louisville last night to fight, but are gone no one knows where to-day.

Fort Erie, June 8.

News from Buffalo conveys the information that the Fenian movements there give premonition of an attack to-night. Similar reports have been received from other quarters, making the neighbourhood of Fort Erie or Port Colborne the objective point; but these draw no particular attention. The attack was fully expected last night, and the 10th Royals slept on their arms, and were ready to give the enemy a warm reception. He wisely did not come.

There was scarcely any alarm in the Upper Province after this 8th June. In the course of a few days the volunteers were sent home and disbanded, the emergency which called them out being considered past. May it never again arise; but if it should, we are persuaded that the same spirit which animated them at Lime Ridge and Fort Erie will not have died out; nay, that the experience of this short campaign will have made them yet more courageous, more self-reliant and determined, and that, with leaders like the men and worthy of them, they will inscribe imperishable names on the roll of Canadian history.

THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

We have now to chronicle the melancholy circumstance of the death and burial of those who so bravely fell in defence of their country. The following is the list of killed and wounded at Lime Ridge and Fort Erie:—

QUEEN'S OWN.

KILLED.—Ensign McEachren, No. 5; Private Mewburn, No. 9; Private McKenzie, No. 9; Private Tempest, No. 9; Private Defries, No. 3; Private Alderson, No. 7; Private Smith, No. 2.

DIED AFTERWARDS.—Serj. Matheson, No. 2; Corporal Lackie, No. 2.

WOUNDED.—Capt. Boustead, No. 3, internal contusion; Lieut. Beaven, No. 3, gun flesh wound; Lieut. Campbell, No. 6, shot in arm; Ensign Fahey, No. 1, shot in knee; Color-Sergeant McHardy, No. 10, shot in arm; Sergt. Forster, No. 7, shot in side; Corporal Paul Robbins, No. 6; Private Winters, No. 3, wound in thigh; Private Lugsdin, No. 4, shot through lungs and shoulder; Private Chas. Bell, No. 5, knee-joint wound; Private Capp, No. 5, shot in arm; Private Rutherford, No. 6, shot in foot; Private Paul, No. 9, shot in leg; Private Vandersmissen, No. 9, shot through groin; Private Patterson, No. 9, wounded in knee; Private White, No. 10, shot in arm and lungs; Private J. B. Robinson, Jr., No. 8, gun flesh wound; Private Osler, No. 1, shot in thigh; Private Thompson, No. 2, shot in neck; Private Muir, No. 10, arm dislocated; Private Kingsford, No. 9, shot in leg.

13TH BATTALION, HAMILTON.

DIED.—Private Morrison, No. 3.

WOUNDED.—Lieut. Routh, left side; Private McKenzie, wound in foot; Private Geo. Mackenzie, left arm; Private Helder, wound in neck; Private

Stuart, flesh wound in neck; Private Powell, wound in thigh; Privates Young, Simmons and Sutherland.

WELLAND BATTERY.

WOUNDED.—Captain King and several Privates.

UNIVERSITY RIFLES.

The following is a separate list of the members of the Toronto University Rifles, who have suffered in the recent conflict:—

Killed—Privates Tempest, McKenzie and Mewburn. *Captured*—Corporal Ellis and Private Junor. *Wounded*—Privates Paul, Kingsford, Vandersmissen, and Patterson.

The company left Toronto about 30 strong, yet their casualties are—three killed, four wounded, and two were captured.

The intelligence of the first man killed, Ensign McEachren, created a profound sensation in Toronto. Mr. McEachren was known and esteemed by a large circle.* He was a man of quiet, unobtrusive manners, a member of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, an active worker in the good cause, and a real Christian. The reality of the conflict and its dangers was thus brought home at once to the citizens; and mingled with a bitter desire for revenge was a deep sympathy with the bereaved widow and fatherless children. As the names came in, some as it happily proved erroneously, a feeling of sadness spread over the city, which for a time overshadowed the rejoicing at the defeat and rout of the miscreant invaders. On Sunday, 3rd June, the *City of Toronto* was ordered to bring home the wounded from Port Dalhousie, where they were to be sent to meet her from Port Colborne. She was to have sailed at 11 o'clock, but a telegram from Dr. Tempest, to the effect that the "Queen's Own" were suffering from want of provisions, roused the spirit of some prominent citizens of Toronto; a committee was formed, and the members proceeded to get stores of all kinds, such as could be secured at the moment. All the bakers' shops in the city were ransacked, and as cart after cart rolled down to the wharf it appeared as though our brave men were going to live on dry bread. Such, however, was by no means the case; hams, sides of bacon, cheese, as much fresh meat as could be got, soon made their appearance, and when these were flanked by sundry barrels of ale, suspicious looking barrels of whiskey, boxes of tobacco, and sundry other necessities and luxuries, it was felt that our brave men might bid defiance to one enemy at least—an empty stomach.

Precisely at 2 o'clock the boat left the wharf, and after a short time arrived at Port Dalhousie. To unload the cargo of eatables and carry them across the wharf to the Railway track, was no small undertaking; but all the passengers set about it with a will, and in half-an-hour it was accomplished. None were idle; barristers, doctors, and merchants vied with the sailors and porters in the work; some clearly proving that the will was stronger in them than the ability; but with a few mishaps it was done, and all awaited the arrival of the train from Port Colborne with its melancholy load. They did not wait long; and as it drew up into the station great was the anxiety of those who expected brothers or sons among the wounded to see them. Very affecting were some of the meetings. Parted only for two or three days, and yet what a world of danger, trial, suspense

* See sketch in Appendix by Rev. W. Stephenson.

had been crowded into those few hours. One brave fellow on being lifted out said, "Oh, I can walk!" but a single step showed him that he had over-rated his strength, and he sank back into willing arms to be conveyed to the steamer. One, severely wounded, smiled, and held out his hand, too weak to speak, as he saw his father. Another, quite a boy, painfully, if not dangerously, wounded, said to his mother, in reply to her expressions of sorrow, "That's nothing, mother!" Brave fellows! all patient and unmurmuring! The nation that has such sons as you need fear no foreign foe. After the wounded, the dead were borne silently across in the plain wooden coffins provided for them at Port Colborne; and soon the steamer was on her homeward track. Arrived near the city of Toronto, it became evident that the coming of the boat with her sorrowful load was being waited for and anticipated. The sound of all the bells in the city tolling at slow intervals, had a solemn effect. Then when nearing the wharf, the eye could make out, in the partial darkness, vast masses of heads extending far away. Lanters held here and there at intervals gave a weird vastness to the crowd; and, although they did not reveal all its proportions, gave some idea of its wonderful extent. The least severely wounded were carried off first, put into cabs, and taken to their homes; then the more severely wounded came on litters; and last of all, the dead. As they passed the vast crowd, which had all the appearance of a solid mass of human beings, with an avenue cut through, reverently uncovered. The funeral was an imposing spectacle; but this night's reception of the dead had in it some elements of solemnity and grandeur which could not be introduced into the funeral.

THE MEDICAL STAFF.

The *Globe*, June 4th, says:—A few words regarding the dealing with the dead and wounded. At the meeting held in the Exchange yesterday afternoon, Mr. Manning stated that four medical gentlemen were sent forward to attend to the wounded of the Queen's Own. It appears that eight went, viz.:—Drs. Agnew, Rowell, Tempest, Howson, Stevenson, Pollock, DeGrassi, and Dack. They left Toronto, on Saturday, at 1 o'clock, a.m., by the Great Western Railway, and reached Port Colborne about half-past 9 o'clock in the evening. The scene of the fight was 14 miles from there, and it was impossible to get conveyances—the alarmed inhabitants having removed their horses. Impressment was called into requisition, and a farmer who was passing was made to give up his waggon to Drs. Howson and Stevenson, who started for Ridgeway, arriving at two o'clock yesterday morning. The seven dead bodies were at once sent forward to Port Colborne, and the wounded were sought out and attended to. The Doctors were assisted by Drs. Brewster, of Port Colborne, Clark, St. Catharines, and Dr. Allen. The wounded all reached Port Colborne about 3.30 when a start was made for Port Dalhousie, reaching that about six and at once moving on board. Drs. Tempest, Howson and Stephenson came through with the dead and wounded. They report two Toronto men, badly wounded, left behind, viz.:—Charles Lugsden, clerk in Lyman, Elliott & Co's, and Hugh Matheson.

THE FUNERAL.

On Tuesday afternoon, June 5th, the bodies of five of the brave men who recently fell in defence of their country, were deposited in their last

resting-place, with imposing civic and military honours. During the forenoon, the bodies of Corporal Defries and Private Alderson, were carried in procession from their late residences to the drill-shed. The flight of steps at the east of the shed and the wall behind were draped in black, and the platform was constructed in front for the reception of the coffins. These were exposed for several hours to allow the citizens to view the remains of the gallant men. The coffin of Ensign McEachren occupied the middle and front position, covered with the Union Jack; that of Corporal Defries was placed on the right, and, and that of Private Smith on the left, each draped with the banners of the respective Orange Lodges to which they had belonged. The coffins of Private Alderson and Tempest were placed behind and above, covered with flags.

At 3.20 the catafalque which was to carry the corpses to their place of burial arrived, and they were placed upon it by the escort of the Queen's Own who had accompanied their fallen comrades to the city. The procession started from the Drill Shed at 3.50, in the following order :—

Band of the 47th Regiment.

Firing Party.

Officiating Clergymen.

Remains of

Ensign McEachren,

Corporal Defries,

Private Smith,

Private Alderson,

Private Tempest.

Mourners :

Funeral Committee.

Third Battalion of the Fifth Military District.

Privates and Non-commissioned Officers of the Army.

Officers of Volunteers, according to rank.

Officers of the Army, according to rank.

Major-General Napier, and Staff.

Mayor and Corporation.

Citizens on foot.

Carriages.

The procession moved up Simcoe Street to King, along King Street to Parliament Street, and up Parliament to St. James' Cemetery, the band of the 47th Regiment playing the Dead March, and the bells of the city tolling. An immense concourse of people thronged the streets, and every window along the line of march was crowded by mournful countenances. The shops were all closed, and a majority of the citizens wore badges of mourning. The procession was about half a mile in length.

On arriving at the Cemetery, the coffins were taken from the catafalque and placed upon the steps leading to the church, and the Lloydtown Rifle Company ranged themselves on each side as a firing party. The Burial Service of the Church of England was read by the Rev. Mr. Grasett, Rector of St. James' Cathedral, Rev. Mr. Boddy, Curate of the Cemetery Chapel, and Rev. Mr. Williams, Garrison Chaplain. The musical service was conducted by Mr. Carter and the Choir of St. James' Cathedral, and consisted of the introductory sentence, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," chanted while the corpses were being removed from the catafalque,

the anthem, "I heard a voice from Heaven," and the hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

The service over, six volleys were fired over the remains of the dead, and they were removed to the vault of the chapel. The immense concourse then slowly moved away and dispersed over the city. Never, perhaps, has such an imposing funeral procession been seen in this city.

It will not be out of place to give here a short article from the *Toronto Globe* on what may be termed

THE MORAL OF THE FUNERAL.

Not alone Toronto, but the whole Upper Province paid reverence on Tuesday to the brave men who died on Lime Ridge. We have reports from several towns that bells tolled and business closed during the hours employed in burying the honoured dead. But Toronto, their home, the place of birth of most of them, where all were educated; the place where they left a short five days ago in health and strength, amidst the plaudits of the people; the place to which, doubtless, their thoughts turned in their last moments; it well behooved our city to pay honour to those who died in its defence—and fitting honours were paid. The time for preparation was short, and few and simple were the ceremonies of the occasion. The tribute was paid, not with nodding plumes, or ornamented catafalques, but with the deep-felt sorrow, sympathy and admiration of a whole people. Though the weather was specially unfavourable, the funeral was of immense extent. But that formed but a small portion of the scene. The streets were lined with solemn gazers as the funeral car passed by. Every window was occupied; all business was suspended; the whole city, distracted as it was by the excitement of the time, was given up to grief. Tears from the heart were shed, and prayers went up to Heaven that the mourning relatives might be comforted and consoled.

We have buried our dead, but the lesson which they have taught us in their fall, will live long after all who were present at the ceremonies of yesterday have followed them to the tomb. It is a lesson of devotion to country, which, when deeply learned by a people, produces glorious results. Our brave fellows died to save our country from being overrun by a horde of robbers; but beyond that to preserve to us institutions and laws, attachments and sympathies, hopes and aspirations, all in fact that is dear apart from family ties, to an intelligent population. On their tombs the people of Canada will record anew their determination to yield no jot or tittle of their birthrights, to hold fast the tie on the motherland which distinguishes them, and proudly distinguishes them from the other nations of this continent. Behind the mask of sympathy for Irish wrongs, there lurks a desire to force this country into a political connection with their neighbour by means of border troubles. If any one should ever be tempted to yield to such a pressure, the recollection of the men who fell at Lime Ridge will banish forever the despicable thought. The autonomy of British America, its independence of all control save that to which its people willingly submit, is cemented by the blood shed in battle on the 2nd of June.

There is but one more lesson of the day, and it is hardly necessary to call attention to it, as the work which is demanded has already been

begun. We need hardly say that no widow or orphan, no helpless relative of any of the deceased, no wounded man, incapable of labour, must suffer loss which money can replace.

FEELING IN OTHER PLACES.

The manifestation of sorrow was not confined to Toronto, many other places joined that city in their expression of grief and manifestation of honour for the brave dead. The following will suffice for the whole :—

Port Hope, June 5.

Great excitement has prevailed here. The sympathy for the wounded and for the relatives of the dead of the Queen's Own, is universal. All places of business were closed this afternoon in their honour. Bells were tolling and flags flying at half-mast. The people are enthusiastic in their praise of the Queen's Own.

Brantford, June 5.

Stores were closed, flags at half-mast, and bells tolling at the time appointed for burying in Toronto our brave volunteers who lost their lives in defence of their country in the late engagement on the Niagara frontier.

Bowmanville, June 5.

The most universal and earnest regret is manifested in Bowmanville and vicinity for the lamented dead of the Queen's Own, and the stores and other places of business were closed at 3 o'clock p.m., and remained so during the rest of the day, as a token of sympathy with bereaved friends. All feel deeply the loss of the noble ones, and are ready to avenge their death.

OTHER FUNERALS.

Two of the dead belonging to other places were not interred with the five, the account of whose funeral is given above. The description of these we take from the *Toronto Leader*. The first is that of Malcolm McKenzie, of Woodstock :—

Woodstock, June 4.

The funeral of the late Malcolm McKenzie, of the "Queen's Own" Volunteers of Toronto, who fell in action on the 2nd, took place this afternoon, at half-past three o'clock, from Cottle's farm, near this place, and passed through the town to the place of interment, the Presbyterian burying-ground. The order of procession, which was printed and distributed during the day, was as follows: Firing party, corpse, mourners, town officials and members of the corporation, citizens four deep. The procession was twelve minutes passing a given point. There were over fifty conveyances and as many on foot to have filled more than that number. All business is and has been entirely suspended since 3 p.m. to pay a last tribute of respect to the departed brave. A despatch from his commanding officer states that he fell a gallant and a noble soldier. The band of our volunteers being at the front, its services could not be secured.

The next is the funeral of private Mewburn, at Drummondville :—

A committee was formed to carry out the wishes of the township, to give Mr. Mewburn a public funeral. The Colonel commanding at Clifton very kindly consented to grant our request, and permitted his

more immediate friends belonging to the Clifton volunteers in this neighbourhood, under their much respected Captain, Sydney Brant, to take charge of the funeral. At the appointed hour on Wednesday, June 6th, p.m., everything being in readiness, the "body" was borne from his grandfather's residence on the shoulders of eight of his comrades, headed by the firing party with their arms reversed, to its last resting place in the beautiful little church-yard attached to St. John's Church, Stamford; a large body of the inhabitants of the township followed, testifying their sympathy with the family of the deceased, and also their deep respect for the memory of a brave volunteer. The Rev. the Rector, together with the Rectors of Thorold and Chippawa, met the funeral procession at the church gate, and preceded it into the church. Rev. D. Macleod read the psalm and lesson, after which the Rector delivered an address to the volunteers and friends on the sad bereavement with which it had pleased God to afflict us. The procession was then re-formed, and passed through the ground to the grave, with the solemn pace so peculiar to a soldier's funeral—a double line of nearly 200 men "presenting arms" having been formed from the church gate to the sacred spot where the remains were to be deposited. Lieut.-Col. R. L. Denison had very kindly marched up from Clifton all the men he could spare from duty, to do honour to the noble dead, and for which he deserves our sincere thanks. It added much to the impressiveness of the sight and the solemnity of the occasion. After the service was over, the usual service of firing over the grave was gone through three times with marked precision and order, and then the body was conveyed out of our sight by the friends who formed the carrying party.

The deceased was a son of Mr. H. Mewburn, and grandson of the late Dr. Mewburn, of Danby House, Stamford. He was a young man of no ordinary ability, as the professors in University College, Toronto, can testify, and as a private individual was a consistent follower of his blessed Lord and Saviour.

MORE DEATHS.

On the following Saturday, just one week after the battle, another of the Queen's Own died from his wounds, and on the Monday a second, making nine who lost their lives in this miserable affair. Sergeant Matheson, who belonged to No. 2 company, died at St. Catharines hospital. His leg was amputated a little above the knee, on Friday afternoon, by Dr. Hinde, assisted by Dr. Burns and some other surgeons—the only chance of life; but he gradually sank, mortification having set in. He received most careful attention while in that hospital. A brother and sister were with him at the time of his death. At four o'clock in the afternoon another of the wounded men died—Mr. Lackey—also a resident of Toronto. He was shot in the mouth, and the ball is supposed to be still in the head. He was a married man, about thirty-five years of age, and very much respected by those who were acquainted with him. The Revs. Messrs. Grasett and Darling visited him frequently during his illness.

On the following Wednesday these two were interred, receiving the same honours as the five first buried. Although the concourse of citizens was not so large, yet there was the same closing of stores and the same manifestation of deep sorrow and respect. The following is the account:

Sergeant Hugh Matheson, was the son of Mr. A. Matheson, druggist, York street, and was the chief assistant of his father in his business. He was a member of No. 2 Company of the Queen's Own Battalion, and was wounded by a ball passing through his knee at the battle of Lime Ridge, on the 2nd instant. He was conveyed first to Port Colborne, where he lay till Wednesday, the 6th instant, when he was taken to the hospital at St. Catharines. Here it was found necessary to amputate his leg, which was done by Drs. Hinde and Mack, assisted by Dr. Burns, on Friday afternoon. At first he seemed to progress favourably after the operation, but began to sink on Saturday evening, and grew gradually weaker until a few minutes after six o'clock on Monday morning. He was delirious for a time after the amputation, but was quite sensible at the time of his death. A brother and sister were in attendance upon him till the end. His body was brought to this city on Monday evening, and taken to the residence of his father. The deceased belonged to St. Andrew's Church, of which Dr. Barclay is the Pastor, and was a young man of excellent character and good abilities.

Corporal Lackey was a journeyman shoemaker, living on Terauley street, and working in the shop of Mr. Jacobi, King street. He too belonged to No. 2 Company of the Queen's Own Battalion. He was wounded in the upper jaw by a ball at the fight at Lime Ridge, on the 2nd instant. He was brought to Toronto on the following day, Sunday, with a number of other wounded, and taken to his house, where he lingered till the time of his death, unable to communicate very freely with his friends, on account of his wound. He was attended by the family physician, Dr. Aikens, and by his pastor, Rev. Mr. Grasett, rector of St. James' cathedral, and by the Rev. Mr. Marling, whose ministrations seemed very acceptable to him. On Monday afternoon he breathed his last in the arms of his wife. An examination by Dr. Aikens after death showed that the ball had passed into his head through the upper jaw, breaking three of the front teeth and the bone of the palate, and lodging near the base of the brain. The ball was of a conical shape and very much bruised by striking against the bones of the head. Much difficulty was experienced in breathing, and there was a considerable loss of blood. The deceased was married about a year, and was a most respectable, industrious and pious man.

The remains of Sergeant Matheson and Corporal Lackey were taken to the drill shed on Wednesday afternoon, and at 3.35 the procession moved thence, and proceeded along Simcoe, King, Church, Carlton, and Parliament streets to St. James' cemetery, in the following order:—

Firing Party.
 Band 40th Regiment.
 Remains of Sergeant Matheson.
 Remains of Corporal Lackey.
 Mourners.
 Men of the Queen's Own in garrison.
 The U. C. College Company.
 Managing Committee.
 Non-commissioned officers and men of the
 3rd Prov. Batt, 5th Mil. District.,
 Cobourg Garrison Artillery,
 Toronto Garrison Artillery,
 Markham Cavalry,
 Cobourg Cavalry.
 Officers by their ranks.
 Commissariat and Staff.
 Maj.-Gen. and Staff.
 Mayor and Corporation.
 Citizens on foot.
 Citizens in carriages.

Places of business throughout the city were closed, and remained so during the remainder of the day. Along the line of march numbers stood to see the melancholy sight, and the houses were draped in mourning. The bells of the city tolled, and everything wore an aspect of thoughtful sadness. At the cemetery the same ceremony took place as at the previous funeral. The Rev. Mr. Grasett, rector of St. James' cathedral, read the burial services of the Church of England, and the U. C. College Company fired six volleys over the bodies, which were then placed within the vault of the Cemetery Church.

In the *Appendix* will be found extracts from a funeral sermon preached on Private Tempest; also a sketch of Ensign McEachren, kindly furnished by the Rev. Wm. Stephenson.

We must not conclude this sketch without noticing the very enthusiastic response to an appeal to form a volunteer fund for the relief of the families of those engaged at the front, and in such other manner as the committee might desire. A meeting was held at the Drill Shed on Wednesday, 6th June, which was largely attended, the Mayor in the chair. Addresses were delivered by Sheriff Jarvis, Hon. George Brown, Hon. J. H. Cameron, Rev. Dr McCaul, Hon. G. W. Allen, and John Macdonald, Esq., M.P.P. At the close of the meeting it was found that \$12,000 had been promised. Upon a canvass of the city this was raised to nearly \$50,000. The speedy termination of the Raid has caused few demands comparatively upon the fund, and we believe that it is not yet decided what shall be done with the money—whether it shall be permanently invested, used for any purpose in connection with the late Raid, but which was not originally contemplated, or be returned in part to the subscribers. We sincerely hope that the occasion for its use may be very distant.

PART III.—APPENDIX.

OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS.

Ottawa, June 23, 1866.

The Commander-in-Chief has issued the following General Order :—

“In releasing the volunteers, for the present, from active duty, the Commander-in-Chief desires to make known to the officers and non-commissioned officers and men of the force, the pride and satisfaction with which he has witnessed the patriotism and energy displayed by them in their instantaneous response to the call to arms. The Commander-in-Chief wishes to express his admiration of the promptitude with which, on the only occasion when an opportunity was afforded them of meeting the enemy, the volunteers went under fire, and his deep sympathy with the friends and relations of those who there met a soldier's death. The discipline and good conduct of the force while on service, has secured the approbation of their military commanders, and has been most favorably reported on to the Commander-in-Chief. The Commander-in-Chief wishes to impress on the minds of the volunteers that, though the late attack on the Province has proved a failure, the organization, by means of which it was attempted, still exists, and that its leaders do not hesitate to declare publicly that they meditate a renewal of the invasion. Under these circumstances, the Commander-in-Chief trusts that the volunteer force generally will continue, at all convenient times, to perfect themselves in drill and discipline, so that they may be able successfully to repel any future aggression that may be attempted.”

Adjutant General's Office, Ottawa, 21st June, 1866.

The following Reports, relating to the volunteer force, have been received by His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, and are now published for the information of all concerned.

(Signed)

P. L. McJUGALL,
Col., Adj't-Gen. of Militia.

COL. PEACOCKE'S REPORT.

“Fort Erie, 4th June, 1866.

“SIR,—I have the honor to make the following report of my operations in the field since the 1st inst. In compliance with a telegram received from you, I joined at 2 o'clock, at Hamilton, with 200 men of my own battalion, the force proceeding from Toronto to St. Catharines, consisting of one battery of Royal Artillery, under the command of Lieut. Col. Hoste, C.B., and 200 men of the 47th Regiment, under the command of Major Lodder. You had also placed under my command, for the defence of the frontier, 7 companies of the volunteer force stationed at St. Catharines, under the command of Lieut. Col. Currie; the Queen's Own Regiment of volunteers at Port Colborne, and the 13th Battalion of volunteer militia, commanded by Lieut. Col. Booker, at Dunnville; and you had informed me that I should be reinforced at St. Catharines by 800 men. Your instructions were that I was to make St. Catharines my base, to act according to my own discretion, to advance on Clifton or elsewhere, and to attack the enemy as soon as I could do so with a force sufficient to ensure success. On arriving at St. Catharines, I received telegrams to the effect that the Fenians, about 800 strong, were marching on the Suspension Bridge, and were actually two or three miles from Chippawa; I pushed on

immediately to the Bridge leaving orders for all troops arriving at St. Catharines to follow me as soon as possible. On reaching the Bridge, I heard that the enemy had not yet reached Chippawa, and being anxious to save the bridge over the creek, I pressed on with 400 infantry, preceded by a pilot engine—the battery marching by road in consequence of the reported want of platform accommodation at the Chippawa station. It was dark when we arrived at Chippawa. We bivouacked there that night. I there received numerous reports from scouts sent out by Mr. Kirkpatrick, the reeve. They agreed generally in the statement that the Fenians had entrenched themselves roughly a little below Fort Erie, at Frenchman's Creek, and had sent on a party towards Chippawa. Their strength was variously estimated from 800 to 1,500. I resolved on effecting a junction with the force at Port Colborne, to which place I had already ordered the battalion from Dunnville. With this object in view, I selected Stevensville as the point of junction, and having explained to Captain Akers, of the Royal Engineers, who accompanied the force from Toronto, what my object was, and that this point was chosen, because, judging from information received, we could not be anticipated at it by the evening. I despatched that officer at 12 o'clock, to communicate with the officer commanding at Port Colborne, to make him conversant with my views and to make him meet me at Stevensville between ten and eleven o'clock next morning, informing him that I should start at six o'clock. I continued to send out scouts during the night, and to receive reports which made me believe that my information was correct, and that the enemy had not left their camp. At about two o'clock, I received a telegram from Colonel Booker, despatched before he was joined by Captain Akers, informing me that he had given orders to attack the enemy at Fort Erie. At about half-past three I received another one from Captain Akers, despatched after he had reached Port Colborne, saying the enemy was at French Creek, and proposing that Lieut. Col. Booker's force should advance on Fort Erie and join us at Frenchman's Creek. At about 4.30 o'clock, I was joined by the seven companies of volunteers from St. Catharines formed into a battalion 350 strong, under Lieut. Col. Currie, and by the expected reinforcement under Lieut. Col. Villiers, of the 47th Regiment, which consisted of 150 men of the 47th, and of the 10th Royals, 415 strong, under Major Boxall. The volunteers being unprovided with the means of carrying provisions and of cooking them, had not been able to comply with an order I had sent the previous evening, that they were to bring provisions in their haversacks. I saw that the absolute necessity of furnishing them with some would cause delay, and I telegraphed to Port Colborne that I should be one hour later in starting. We marched at 7 o'clock, leaving the Garrison Volunteer Battery, from St. Catharines, under Captain Stoker, to hold Chippawa. The day was oppressively hot, and our guides took us by a road much longer than necessary. When about three miles from Stevensville, at about 11 o'clock, I received a few words from Lieut. Col. Booker, written at 7.30 o'clock, to the effect that he had just received my telegram, but that he was attacked in force by the enemy at a place three miles south of Stevensville. At the same time, I received information that he had retired on Ridgeway. I encamped a mile further on at a small place called New Germany, across a road leading due south to Stevensville. At about 4 o'clock, having gathered information that the enemy was falling back on Fort Erie, I left everything behind which would encumber the men and started to follow them. At the moment of starting we received an important accession to our strength by the arrival of the Cavalry Body Guard of His Excellency the Governor General, 55 strong, under Major Denison. We marched until dark, and halted two and a half miles from Fort Erie, the men sleeping on their arms, due precautions being observed. During the night I sent out scouts to collect information. It appeared that the Fenians on retiring, had posted themselves at once near the old Fort. Some said they had been reinforced, some that they were attempting to re-cross into the United States. I also heard that three companies of the 16th Regiment and three companies of the 60th Rifles had arrived at our vacated camp at

New Germany, and that a force had reached Black Creek; also that 10 more companies of volunteer militia had arrived at Port Colborne. The Volunteer Garrison Battery, which I had left at Chippawa, joined me during the night. Anxious to prevent the escape of the Fenians, I sent word to the officers commanding at those places that I was going to attack Fort Erie, and asked when they would be able to co-operate. Subsequently fresh reports of the attempts of the Fenians to escape having reached me, I determined to advance at once. We were about to move when Lieut. Col. the Hon. John Hillyard Cameron came into camp and informed me that the Fenians had escaped. The intelligence caused great mortification in my little force. I desired Major Denison to scour the country and enter the town. He sent me a message that he was informed that there was still a body of Fenians about the old Fort. We at once marched in that direction, skirmishing through the woods. Major Denison soon informed us that they really had escaped. As many scouts and farm people assured us they had not escaped, we took a long sweep through the woods. On our right on Lake Erie, a few stragglers were seen, and four were reported shot. On entering the old Fort, traces were found of its having been recently occupied. During the short operation which extended only over forty hours, the troops under my command underwent very great fatigue, and bore it with the best spirit and with great cheerfulness. I received all possible support and co-operation from the officers of all ranks. The conduct of the men was excellent. A great number of private individuals rendered me service in various ways, and the inhabitants generally displayed a good and loyal feeling. Mr. Swinyard, Manager of the Great Western Railroad, gave me the benefit of his services in person. He placed at my disposal the resources of the railway; and the officials on the line exerted themselves to render these available. I have the honor to enclose a report of Lieut. Col. Booker, of his operations on the 2nd inst.

(Signed)

GEO. PEACOCKE,
Col. and Lieut. Col. 16th Regt.

MAJOR-GEN. G. NAPIER, C.B.,
Com. First Military District, Toronto, C.W.

LIEUT.-COL. BOOKER'S REPORT.

Port Colborne, June 2, 1866.

Sir,—I have the honour to report that, in accordance with instructions received from Colonel Peacocke, through Captain Akers, I proceeded by train at 5 a.m. to day, to Ridgeway station on the Buffalo & Lake Huron R. R., with the Queen's Own, of Toronto, Major Gillmor, say 480 men of all ranks; the York Rifles, Capt. Dennis; the Caledonia Rifles, Capt. Jackson; and the 13th Battalion of Hamilton—together about 360 men—total of all ranks, say 840 men, in order to form a junction with Col. Peacocke, at Stevensville, at 9 to 9.30 a.m. On arriving at Ridgeway, I sent the Great Western Railway train away; and as I could not obtain a horse or waggon in the place for the conveyance of the force, I was compelled to leave without the stores, and sent them back to Port Colborne at a little before 8 a.m. We were feeling our way on the Stevensville road, and were about three miles from that village, when our advance guard felt the enemy—Major Gillmor extended the Queen's Own in skirmishing order, in admirable style—the men advancing in good spirits. They were supported and relieved, as required, by the 13th Battalion of Hamilton and the Rifle companies from York and Caledonia. After Major Gillmor had expended much ammunition, he reported to me that his ammunition was failing. At 9.30, after being engaged under a hot fire for an hour and a half, I observed the enemy throwing back his right and reinforcing his left flank. I immediately ordered up two companies in support, to counteract the movement. At this moment I received a telegram by the hands of Mr. Stovin, Welland Railway, on the field, informing me that Col. Peacocke could not leave Chippawa before 7 o'clock, instead of 5 a.m., the hour named by Capt. Akers

on his behalf. The enemy was strongly posted in the woods on the west of the garrison road, the road forming the entrance as it were to a *cul de sac*. We outflanked him, when he brought up his centre reserves and out-flanked us. We drove them, in the first place, over a mile, and held possession of the rifle pits. A cry of cavalry from the front, and the retreat of a number of men in our centre on the reserves, caused me to form a square and prepare for cavalry. The mistake originated from relieved skirmishers doubling back. I immediately re-formed column, and endeavored to deploy to the right. A panic here seized our men, and I could not bring them again to the front. I regret to say we have lost several valuable officers and men. I estimate the strength of the enemy as greater than ours; and, from the rapid firing, they were evidently armed with repeating rifles.

I have, &c.,

(Signed)

A. BOOKER,

Lieut. Col. Com. Vol. Militia.

COL. LOWRY'S REPORT.

Fort Erie, C. W., 6 p.m., 4th June, 1866.

SIR,—In accordance with your orders, I left Toronto, per train, at 2 p.m. on the 2nd instant, with four field guns, &c., under command of Captain Crowe, R.A., and accompanied by Col. Wolseley, A.Q.M.G., by Lieut. Turner, R.E., by Lieut. Dent, 47th, and by Lieut. Col. Cumberland, P.A.D.C., to the Governor General and Manager Director of the Northern Railway, who had kindly placed his services at my disposal. There were also two gentlemen, Mr. Clarke and Mr. Kingsmill, possessing considerable knowledge of the country of which we were to pass, attached to me by order of the Major-General, and Mr. Hunter, Telegraphic Operator. On arrival at Oakville, I was joined by its Company of Rifle Volunteers, 52 rank and file, under Captain Chisholm. On arrival at Hamilton, I, requiring information, telegraphed to the officer commanding at Port Colborne, asking to know the state of affairs there, and requesting answer to St. Catharines. At the Hamilton station, I learned that the detachment of the 60th Royal Rifles and 16th Regiment, which had been at first ordered to join me there, had already proceeded by railway to reinforce Col. Peacocke who, the Superintendent of the Great Western Railway said, had twice telegraphed for reinforcements. Under these circumstances, and finding at St. Catharines no answer from Port Colborne, and that difficulty and delay would be occasioned in getting the train from the Great Western Railway to the line of the Welland Railroad, I determined to proceed to Clifton and thence to the support of Col. Peacocke, *en route* to Fort Erie. I arrived at Clifton about 8 p.m., and was there, a few hours after, joined by Colonel Stephens, with a volunteer force to the number of 350, which had been despatched by steamer from Toronto to Port Dalhousie, to meet me at St. Catharines.—At Clifton I received pressing telegrams urging me to proceed to assume command at Port Colborne, whence I also received an urgent request for rations and ammunition, reported exhausted. Believing an early arrival at Fort Erie to be most important, I despatched all the rations and ammunition I could spare to Port Colborne. I telegraphed to Col. Peacocke to send Lieut. Colonel Villiers, if possible, across the country to Port Colborne to command the volunteers at that place; but soon finding that impossible, telegraphed to Capt. Akers, R.E., to assume that duty, adding that I did not anticipate pressure at that point. Having waited for the Erie Railway line to be cleared of other trains, I proceeded at 3:40 a.m., on the 3rd instant, to Black Creek, at which place I had telegraphed to the officers commanding detachments of the 60th Rifles and 16th Regiment, if not in communication with Col. Peacocke, to meet me at daybreak. After some delay, I was joined by 200 rank and file of the 60th, under Captain Travers, and by 140 rank and file of the 16th, under Captain Hogge. As the railway line had not

been previously open for transport, I awaited its examination by Lieut.-Col., the Hon. J. H. Cameron, who had joined me at midnight, at Clifton, from some point in advance, and who proceeded with a locomotive engine for that purpose. On Lieut.-Col. Cameron's report that the road was passable, I proceeded to a point about three miles north of Fort Erie, called Frenchman's Creek, said to be the nearest point to where the Fenians were reported skirmishing, and fast escaping across the river. Here, unloading the force from the railway cars, I advanced with some volunteer companies, the detachments of the 16th Regiment and the 60th R. R. towards the Niagara river, throwing out an advance guard and a few skirmishers in the woods on either flank. As soon as two field-guns could be got out, they were pressed to the front; but on reaching the river, Col. Wolseley, found we were too late, and that Fenian prisoners, to the number, apparently, of some five or seven hundred, were in a large barge made fast astern of the United States war steamer, *Michigan*, lying in the centre of the stream. I reached Fort Erie at about 8.15, a.m., found that the whole village had been abandoned. Soon afterwards, I was joined by the force under Col. Peacocke, who had come up through the woods to the right, bringing in some prisoners. The whole force was now hurriedly placed in position on the rising ground at the rear of the village of Erie. Shortly afterwards, a small steamer having been sent from the United States ship *Michigan* with the proposal that I should communicate with its Commander and Her Britannic Majesty's Consul, then with him, accompanied by Col. Wolseley, Captain Crowe, R. A., and Lieut. Turner, R. E., I proceeded on board and had an interview with Capt. Bryson, U. S. N.; M. Dart, U. S. District Attorney, Mr. H. W. Hemans, H. M. Consul at Buffalo, and subsequently with General Barry, commanding the United States troops in the Erie and Ontario districts of the State of New York. These officers, in expressing their reprehension of the infraction of international law, said that nothing in their power had been or would be neglected to arrest such infraction, that such were their orders, and that they had prevented many reinforcements from getting across to the British territory on the two previous nights. In the course of the afternoon, Captain Akers, R. E., with a volunteer force of about 1,000 men, arrived from Port Colborne, making the number under my command about 3,000 of all arms. In compliance with telegraphic orders, I despatched to Kingston, at 7 p.m., the troops as per margin—Capt. Crowe's field battery, four guns, and 200 men of the 47th Regiment, under Major Lodder—sending 22 Fenian prisoners by the same train under escort of the 47th Regiment. Further telegraphic orders directed me to send forward to London without delay the detachment of the 60th Royal Rifles, the London companies of the 16th Regiment, and the London Volunteers. In consequence of the difficulty of procuring the necessary railway transport, that order could not be carried out till 10.30 to-day, when about 800 were forwarded by the Great Western Railroad, *via* Clifton to Hamilton. Any delays in the transport of troops, so far as relates to the service of the Great Western Railway have arisen chiefly from the fact that, on the Erie and Ontario R. R., there being but a single line of track and with sidings still incomplete, there were no means of shunting or of passing trains, whilst that part of the line approaching Fort Erie is still in a very unfinished and unserviceable state. It was impossible, therefore, even with the most prompt assistance afforded by Mr. Swinyard the manager, and all the subordinate officials, of the G. W. R., to secure the desired rapidity of movement. The weather during the last few days has been uninterruptedly fine. The force at present encamped here is a little over two thousand men, and considering the nature of the emergency and of the nature of the place itself, the troops are pretty well supplied. I telegraphed to Lieut.-Col. Denison, with 450 men, to halt at Suspension Bridge. One company of volunteers is at Chippawa, and more than 250 men are at Port Colborne, under Major Skinner. In concluding my report of the last 48 hours—a report which should, but for the nature of the duties and the pressure of telegraphic communication, have been submitted before—I have the

honour to state the following:—That I have received greater benefit than I can well express, from Col. Wolseley's indefatigable energy, judgment and promptitude of resource; that Lieut. Turner, R. E., has proved of the greatest assistance to me, night and day working with a thorough spirit and most wise fore-thought; that Lieut.-Col. Cumberland, A.D.C., has spared no trouble or exertions to give me information and to render valuable assistance in every way—in matters connected with railway transit, his knowledge has proved specially useful; the untiring nature of the exertions made by the Hon. J. Hillyard Cameron, M. P. P., also deserves cordial acknowledgment; Officers and men, whether of the regular or volunteer service, did all in their power to reach and re-occupy Fort Erie at the earliest moment, and to arrest the flight which had been almost completed before our arrival. All appears quiet at present on this frontier. I find I have forgotten to state that General Barry, U. S. A., offered to furnish me with the earliest notice of any intended movements of importance which might come to his knowledge among the Fenians in the States. Capt. Bryson, commander of the United States war steamer *Michigan*, apprised me that he had telegraphed to Washington for instructions as to the disposal of his 700 prisoners. I replied that this was a matter for settlement by our respective Governments.

(Signed)

R. W. LOWRY,
Col. Commanding
Field Force on Niagara Frontier.

The Brigade Major.

COL. DENNIS' REPORT.

Fort Erie, 4th June, 1866

Col. Lowry, Commanding the Niagara Frontier:

SIR,—Availing myself of the earliest moment, I have the honor to report, for the information of His Excellency, the Commander-in-Chief, the following narrative of events connected with the late Fenian invasion at this place, in which I was directly concerned. Subsequently to my leaving Toronto on the morning of Friday last, my orders were on that occasion to proceed with the 2nd or Queen's Own, 400 strong, to Port Colborne, occupy it, and if necessary entrench a position there, and wait for reinforcements and further orders before any attack was made on the enemy, who, it was represented, numbered 1,500 men, and was advancing on that point. Although finding great excitement at the different stations along the Welland Railway on the way up, at Port Colborne, where I arrived about noon, things were quiet—no definite news having reached there, in consequence of the Fenians having cut the wires at Fort Erie, of which place they had driven away the officials at 5 a. m. that morning. Report, however, said that they had, some two hours subsequently, sent a party up the track and burned a bridge crossing a small stream known as Sauerwine's Creek, six miles from Fort Erie on the railway to Port Colborne. No news of any other approach having been brought in by any of the numerous scouts sent out by the villagers during the forenoon, I proceeded to billet the men in order to get them dinner; and then before determining to commence the construction of any defences, I despatched a messenger across to Buck's Tavern at Stevensville, between Erie and the town of Welland, to ascertain and report any movement of the enemy in that direction, which I thought probable, as sufficient time had elapsed to enable him to reach Port Colborne, had that been his intention. Having, through the kindness of Mr. Larmour, the Superintendent of the line, obtained a locomotive, I started down the railway upon a reconnoissance, getting down to within six miles of Fort Erie—the burning of the bridge mentioned preventing my closer approach. I then learned that the bridge had been destroyed by a party of some seven men, who had come up about 7 a. m., who, in addition, stole a number of horses from the farmers in the vicinity, and then went back towards the main body, which, from testimony I received, it appeared had gone down the river about a mile below the lower ferry and camped close to the river

road, on one Newbigging's farm. Their number was variously estimated at from 450 to 1,200 men. This testimony was corroborated by the statement of the mounted scouts from Buck's Tavern, and Stevensville, who returned in the evening, and went to show that with the exception of the parties out horse-stealing, there had been no Fenians seen in that direction, and was rendered certain by the arrival from Fort Erie of one who had been in their camp at six o'clock that evening. Shortly before this time, however, Lt.-Col. Booker, of Hamilton, had arrived with the 13th battalion of volunteers, and, being senior officer, took command, and continued the communication by telegraph which had been going on between Col. Peacocke and myself respecting the position and the strength of the enemy, and the best method of attacking him. Col. Peacocke, then at Clifton, having, about 5 p. m., telegraphed to me that he had ordered the *International* steamer up to Port Colborne, for me to put upon her a gun, or detachment, in order to patrol the river from Fort Erie to Chippewa. She not having arrived at 10.30 p. m., I ordered the *Robb*, a powerful tug-boat, owned by Captain McCallum, down from Dunnville, for that purpose, intending to place upon her the Welland Battery, without guns—the men armed with Enfield rifles—and received a reply that she would be down at 3 a. m. the following morning. This was the position of affairs when Capt. Akers, R. E., arrived from Chippewa, sent over by Col. Peacocke to consult and to explain Col. Peacocke's views as to the best mode of attack. After due consideration between Captain Akers, Lieut. Col. Booker, and myself, a certain course was decided, arranging for an attack in concert on that morning, and Col. Peacocke was telegraphed accordingly. In accordance with this plan, Capt. Akers and myself embarked in the tug, which did not arrive, (Memorandum—Our object in this was to ascertain definitely the position of the enemy's camp, as preliminary to the attack), however, till about 4 a. m., having been delayed in consequence of Mr. McCallum wishing to bring with him his naval company from Dunnville, and proceeded down to reconnoitre the river and the Fenian camp, arranging to meet the Port Colborne force back at the railway depot, three miles above the enemy's camp, at seven or at the latest half-past seven o'clock. On our way past the village of Fort Erie, we were brought to by the armed patrol tug boat from the United States steamer *Michigan*, who, on finding out who we were, informed us that the Fenian camp on the Newbigging farm had been broken up at 3 a. m. that morning, the enemy having marched down the river road. We proceeded down the river to the mouth of the Black Creek, eight miles above Chippewa, when we learned that they had turned off the river to the west, directly in rear of a place called New Germany. A messenger was at once sent off to Col. Peacocke, we presumed then under previously concerted arrangement to be there moving up, and we returned with the tug in accordance with that arrangement to meet Col. Booker and the upper force at the R. R. depot at Fort Erie. On our arrival there we could see or hear nothing of them. This was accounted for subsequently by the fact that Lieut. Col. Booker had received, after we left, an order from Col. Peacocke directing him off the R. R. at Ridgeway, some eight miles above Fort Erie, and cross the country in order to meet and attack in concert. This being the case, presuming a combined attack would be made in the course of the day, of the result of which we could have no doubt, I considered, as I could not then join my proper force, that important service could be rendered by patrolling the river to intercept and capture fugitives, and to prevent by every possible means the escape across the river of any large body of the enemy. This having been determined on, Capt. Akers and myself were engaged all day in patrolling the shore and scouring the wood along the river as far down as Black Creek, arresting in all, including six prisoners made about nine o'clock in the morning at Fort Erie, some 23 men. During the course of the afternoon, we learned through some of the prisoners that an engagement had taken place at some point in the interior in which the Fenians had been utterly dispersed. This I was quite prepared to believe, as I had from the steamer observed Col. Peacocke with a strong force

on his way up from Chippawa turning in from the river road towards New Germany, and I knew that Lieut. Col. Booker's force was coming down upon him from the south. Concluding that the action which was known to have come off had resulted in the capture of the enemy, I returned to Fort Erie about half past five o'clock p. m., proposing to get what information I could about the position of our troops, and to telegraph for instructions as to what should be done with the prisoners who had amounted now, including those taken in the village and neighbourhood during the day, to some 60 or 65 men. The number I can't give precisely, as I had only got as far as those names given in the margin, making out a memorandum of each case. Having, in the meantime, made up my mind to send the prisoners by tug to Welland gaol, I had them brought down and embarked there in charge of the reeve, when the alarm was given that the Fenians were entering the town in force. In fact, the first messenger had hardly delivered the news when a second came in to say that they were within a quarter of a mile coming down the street along the river. I went over from the pier to satisfy myself, and saw them in numbers as I judged about 150, advancing upon the street indicated. Supposing them to be of the material and of the same miserable character, physically, as the prisoners we had been taking all day, I thought the detachment I had with the boat, even if we had to resort to the bayonet, sufficient for them, and concluded that my duty lay in making a stand against them. This detachment consisted, as before mentioned, of the Welland field battery, 54 men and three officers, and of a portion, some eighteen men and one officer. Exclusive of the guard over the prisoners on the boat of the Dunnville Naval Company. I first took the precaution to put the prisoners under hatches, and then advancing to meet the enemy about 150 yards, drew up my little command across the street. As they came within about 200 yards they opened fire on us, when my detachment, by order, fired a volley from each of the companies, upon which a severe flank fire was opened on us from the west, and on looking in that direction, I observed for the first time two considerable bodies of the enemy running in a northerly parallel with the river, evidently with the intention of cutting us off, and getting possession both of us and of the steamer at the same time. Under the circumstances, as I considered if we tried to escape by the tug, the enemy might be there as soon as we, and so achieve his double object, I therefore concluded that my duty lay in saving the prisoners we had on board, and preventing the enemy from getting possession of the vessel which I knew, and he probably knew also, was his only means of escape, and I therefore ordered the captain to cast off and get out in the stream, and ordered my men to retreat and do the best they could to get away, each man for himself. During this time a heavy fire was kept up on us both in front and in flank, and I had the grief of seeing several of my men fall. We retreated down the front street under a very heavy though comparatively ineffective fire. Several of the men, contrary to my advice, took shelter in a house, the door of which stood open as they passed—there being little or no cessation of the fire upon us. I directed them not to remain under it longer than was necessary, and I turned into the premises of a friend in the lower part of the village where I lay concealed. Although the premises were searched twice, the ruffians stated their intention to come a third time, threatened if I were not given up, as they had seen me enter the gate, that they would destroy the property. Two of my men, one of them wounded, had previously taken shelter in the house. They were captured. Fearing another search, I dressed in disguise furnished by my friends, and then came out and remained in the village till night-fall, when I got through the lines, and struck across the country in search of Col. Peacocke—finding his camp about five miles back of Fort Erie, arriving there at 3 o'clock a. m. I then accompanied his force back to this place during its operations later in the day; all of which, as also of the escape of the enemy during the night, that officer's report will doubtless inform you. On my return, I was able to learn, for the first time, something of the casualties in the affair of the previous evening. I feel rejoiced not to have to report any loss of life in my

detachment, although I was given to understand that there were some five wounded in the Welland Battery, two of them so severely as to result, in each case, in the loss of a leg. These cases, I regret to say, were Capt. King, of the Welland Battery, and one man of the Dunnville Naval Company. None of the officers, excepting Capt. King, were wounded. A return of the casualties is appended hereto. The enemy suffered more severely. Three of his number were killed outright, and four were mortally wounded, two of whom died yesterday morning. The other two had been allowed, under the circumstances, by the reeve, Dr. Kempson, with the permission, as I understood, of Col. Lowry, to be taken to the Buffalo Hospital. Mr. Scholfield, the Lieutenant of the Welland Battery, had gone to Welland to get his men together again, some of them having escaped across the country to their homes, during the night, is ordered without delay, when in a position to do so, to prepare an accurate list of casualties in the battery. I have detained this report somewhat in order to get his return. Should there prove to have been any casualties not as yet reported, I will lose no time in sending forward a list of the same. I append the report of Capt. McCallum, commanding the Dunnville Naval Company, and owner of the steam tug referred to—to whom particularly, as also to his lieutenant, Mr. Robb, the sailing-master of the steamer, I have to express my obligations for their zealous and efficient assistance during the operations of Saturday. I have also the gratification of saying that the other officers and the men forming my little command, behaved most nobly in the affair during the afternoon at Fort Erie. I firmly believe that had I not ordered them to retreat they would have remained steady and fought until shot down in the ranks.

(Signed,)

J. S. DENNIS,
Lieut. Col. commanding detachment
on Saturday, June 2nd.

CAPTAIN AKER'S REPORT.

"Montreal, 7th June, 1866.

"SIR,—In accordance with the orders of Major General Napier, C.B., I reported myself to Col. Peacocke at Hamilton, on Friday, 1st June, and proceeded with him to Chippewa. The same night about midnight, I was directed by Lieut.-Col. Peacocke to proceed to Port Colborne, to arrange with Lieut. Col. Dennis for making a combined attack on the enemy supposed to be entrenched on Black Creek, about three miles down the river from Erie, seven miles from Chippewa, and two from Stevensville. Col. Peacocke was to move on Stevensville, so as to arrive there about 9.30 a.m.; Lieut.-Col. Dennis to move along the railway to Ridgeway, as far as the state of the railway would permit, and march from thence to meet Col. Peacocke at Stevensville, at the above hour; and from thence the combined forces were to march on the supposed position. Arriving at Port Colborne at about 2 a.m., I found the whole force under arms and in the cars. Lieut.-Col. Booker being senior to Lieut.-Col. Dennis, had taken the command. They had obtained from a custom-house officer, arrived from Erie, exact information as to the position of the Fenian camp. This was on Frenchman's Creek about half-way between Black Creek and Fort Erie. The officer who had been in the camp at six o'clock, considered there were not more than 700 men. They had been drinking whiskey hard during the day, and might fall an easy prey to a sudden attack. Lieutenant-Colonel Dennis was anxious to move off at once to the attack, and Lieut.-Col. Booker was prepared to carry out the proposal, if properly authorized. Knowing Col. Peacocke's anxiety to combine his force with the volunteers in attacking the enemy, I could not in his name authorize the movement, nor did I think it prudent; as, from the accounts we had received, it appeared that the enemy's force would be doubled during the night. Having ascertained, however, that the railway bridge at Ridgeway, partially burnt in the morning, had been repaired, and that the line to Erie

was open, I arranged a somewhat different plan of attack, subject of course, to Col. Peacocke's approval. The plan was as follows:—Lieut. Col. Booker, to proceed by rail to Erie, with the greater part of his force, to arrive at Fort Erie at 8 a.m., Lieut. Col. Dennis and myself to go round the coast in a steam tug, taking a company of volunteer artillery to reconnoitre the shore between Fort Erie and Black Creek, and to return to Fort Erie in time to meet Lieut. Col. Booker at 8—should Col. Peacocke approve of this he would march by the river road from Chippawa and make a combined attack with Lieut. Col. Booker at some point between Fort Erie and Black Creek, cutting off the enemy's retreat by the river; the tug employed cruising up and down the river, cutting off any boats that might attempt to escape and communicating between the forces advancing from Chippawa and from Erie. I communicated this proposed change to Col. Peacocke; both by letter and telegraph, omitting however, I think, to mention the use proposed to be made of the tug. The plan was merely a modification of that proposed by Lieut. Col. Dennis, who wished to move at once with the volunteers without arranging a junction with Colonel Peacocke. Before receiving any answer from Col. Peacocke, I went off in the tug with Lieut. Col. Dennis and the company of artillery, leaving word with Lieut. Col. Booker to take care and obtain Col. Peacocke's approval to the proposed change before acting on it, and explaining the plan previously determined on in case Col. Peacocke should desire him to adhere to it. We arrived at Fort Erie about 5 a.m., steamed along there, and past Frenchman's Creek, where we saw the enemy's camp apparently deserted. After carefully examining the shore from Erie to Black Creek, and seeing no signs of any armed force, we went ashore at Black Creek, and were informed that the enemy had broken up their camp during the night. A party was seen by the inhabitants moving along the river in the direction of Chippawa, and the remainder to have turned inland at Black Creek. As far as I could make out from the size and appearance of their camp, and from the reports of the people, their combined force could not have exceeded 700 or 800 men. I then returned with Lieut. Col. Dennis, by water, to Fort Erie, as appointed with Lieut. Col. Booker. That officer not having arrived, I became aware that Col. Peacocke had acted on his original plan; but from the information I had gained was of opinion that he would not have more than 400 or 500 men to contend with. Lieut. Col. Dennis then landed the company of artillery, and I proceeded with it patrolling the road and heights between Fort Erie and Black Creek. Between 30 and 40 prisoners were taken by the company or handed over by civilians and put on board the tug at Black Creek. Seeing nothing more to be done at Fort Erie, I drove up to the railway station, on the line to Colborne, to ascertain whether telegraphic communication had been opened, and obtained what information I could. This station is about half a mile from Fort Erie and to the westward of the high road from Colborne. I had hardly entered the station when I heard a cry that troops were coming down the hill between myself and the town. I jumped into my conveyance and turned towards Erie to give the alarm to the company of volunteers left there. Finding the approach to Erie cut off and the enemy's skirmishers stealing round to surround me, I turned round and drove to the shore in the direction of Colborne. Near Ridgeway, I turned up towards the high road, and passing the railway bridge found it on fire. I stopped and got some buckets from a neighbouring farm, and, with the assistance of the driver, managed to put out the fire. I then went on to the garrison road, when I heard an account of the engagement with Col. Booker's force and of its retreat to Colborne. I found two wounded men at a roadside house; one of them I took into Colborne; the other was too badly hurt to move. I arrived at Colborne between 6 and 7 in the evening. The force had been increased since the previous day, and now consisted of the 7 companies P. A. O., with 4 Companies of the 22nd Oxford and the Drumbo Company attached, 2 Companies of Home Guard, the Caledonia and the Queen's Own and 13th—in all about 1,400 men. The garrison was in the greatest state

of confusion, and the troops that had been engaged in the morning considerably exhausted from want of rest and food. I ordered what assistance I could to Col. Booker who appeared quite overcome by fatigue and anxiety. He begged me to undertake all necessary arrangements, and later in the evening requested me to take the command out of his hands. Finding this was the wish of other volunteer officers of superior rank to myself, I telegraphed for instructions, and was desired by Col. Lowry to take the command. I posted a line of out-lying pickets, at a radius of one mile from the town, extending from the shore to the Welland Canal, with strong supports in rear, and ordered the remainder of the troops to lie down and get what rest they could. I telegraphed in various directions for food and ammunition, and by 2 a.m. on Sunday 3rd had an ample supply of both. About 1 o'clock, the alarm was sounded, and officers and civilians rushed up informing me that the enemy was marching on us in force and within 500 yards west of the town, where I had placed no pickets. The alarm was entirely without foundation, but had the effect of depriving the troops of the few hours rest they might have had. All through the night, reports were coming in of large forces being landed on the shore between Colborne and Erie, also without foundation. I sent the tug boat, however, still kept at our service by its owner, Mr. McCollum, to watch the shore between Colborne and Erie, and called on some of the civilians to act as scouts, and keep me informed of any movements in the neighbourhood. Reveille was sounded at three, and I immediately made what arrangements I could for serving out rations and ammunition. At five o'clock, sending a pilot engine in front, I moved by rail towards Erie, taking the whole of the troops except the 13th, whom I left to guard Port Colborne. Hearing the enemy were posted near Ridgeway, and finding a favourable position for forming up the troops on a road known as "Skirk's Crossing," I disembarked the men, threw out a line of skirmishers, with four supports from the 7th P. A. O., with orders for the flank supports to wheel outwards and extend at once in case of any sign of a flank attack. In this order, and with a strong rear-guard, I advanced from the garrison road, and from thence towards Fort Erie. On coming to the scene of the previous day's engagement, I ascertained that the enemy had attempted to cross the river during the night, and that Erie was in possession of our troops. After halting the men for about an hour at this spot, I marched them quietly in to Erie, where I reported myself to Col. Lowry. On the following morning I was relieved from my command.

I have, &c.,

(Signed,)

CHAS. S. AKERS,
Capt. R. E.

CAPT. MCCALLUM'S REPORT.

To Lieut. Col. Dennis, Fort Erie:

SIR,—At your request, I have the honour to make the following report:—On Saturday last, 2nd June, between the hours of 3 and 4 p. m., after your departure, I retreated down the river under a galling fire, a distance of about three miles, with two men of the Naval Brigade and 13 men of the Welland Canal Field Battery—the rest having been cut off, and consequently taken prisoners, including the following officers, viz: 2nd Lieutenant Macdonald, of the Naval Brigade; Lieutenant Scholfield and Ensign Nimmo, of the Field Battery, wounded, and one man of the Naval Brigade. Lieut. Robb, with the steamer *Robb*, came in boats and took us on board. I then held a consultation with Lieut. Robb as to future proceedings. We then determined, on account of being encumbered with so many prisoners on board, 57 in number, and so very few men left to guard them, to run to Port Colborne, and send the prisoners to a place of safety. In passing Fort Erie up the river, we, for a distance of a mile's run, were under a heavy fire of musketry from the Canadian shore. We passed without any casualties worth mentioning, and arrived

safely at Port Colborne at half-past 6 p. m. of the same day, and delivered the prisoners over to Lieut. Col. McGiverin, with committment and names inserted, all of which is respectfully submitted.

(Signed)

L. McCALLUM,
Capt. N. B., Dunnville.

THANKS OF THE MAJOR-GENERAL COMMANDING.

The following communication has been addressed by Lieutenant-Colonel Durie, A. A. G., to Major Gillmor:—

Assistant Adjutant General's Office, Toronto, June 8th, 1866.

SIR,—I am directed by Major General Napier, C. B., commanding the 1st military division, C.W., to acknowledge the receipt of a copy of your despatch, dated Stratford, June 4, 1866, addressed to Lieut.-Col. Lowry, 47th Regiment, detailing the operation of the volunteer force of the 2nd, in which the Queen's Own were engaged with the enemy.

It is now my gratifying duty to convey to you, not only the approbation but the very great pleasure the Major-General experienced in hearing from you the good conduct of the officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the regiment under your command on that occasion.

That they fully confirmed and justified the good opinion that the Major-General always entertained of them by their gallant conduct in meeting, for the first time, the enemies of their Queen and country.

The Major-General feels quite sure that the regiment will always cherish and sustain the character now so nobly won by the Queen's Own.

I have also to express to you, by the Major-General's desire, his entire approbation of the very able and gallant manner in which you commanded the Queen's Own, under very trying circumstances, and it will give him much pleasure in bringing before His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief the gallant service rendered by the Queen's Own on the occasion, which you will be good enough to convey to the officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the regiment under your command.

I have the honor to be, Sir, your most obedient servant,
W. S. DURIE, Lt.-Col., A. A. G. M.

THANKS TO THE NAVAL BRIGADE.

The following regimental order has been received by Captain McMaster, acknowledging the services of the Toronto Naval Brigade, when recently called out for active duty:—

Assistant Adjutant General's Office, Toronto, June 10, 1866.

SIR,—I am directed by Major-General Napier, C.B., commanding H. M. forces and volunteers, Canada West, to express to you his thanks for the efficient services rendered by the Naval Brigade under your command, particularly recently, when required to take charge of and convert the steamer *Rescue* into a gun-boat, in discharging her cargo and getting the necessary armament on board in a very short time and in a highly creditable manner; and when relieved from the charge of the *Rescue*, in performing similar good services when placed in command of the steamer *Magnet*. And the Major-General will not fail to avail himself of the services of the Naval Brigade afloat should an opportunity occur, and will have great pleasure in bringing before the notice of His Excellency the Governor General, the important and valuable services which they have rendered.

I have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient servant,
WM. S. DURIE, A. A. G. M.

Capt. McMaster, Commanding Naval Brigade, Toronto.

COL. DENIS' ENGAGEMENT AT FORT ERIE.

Toronto, 11th June, 1866.

SIR,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 7th inst., forwarding, for the information of the Major-General Commanding, a report made to you, of an expedition made by him on the 2nd inst., in the neighbourhood of Fort Erie, and which resulted in an engagement with a band of lawless invaders.

I am directed by Major-General Napier, C. B., to request that you will convey to Lieut.-Colonel Dennis his high sense of the gallantry and courage displayed on that occasion by the officers, non-commissioned officers and men of his detachment.

It is, however, a subject of regret to the Major-General that so many brave men should have been wounded in this encounter, but he trusts that in a short time they will recover from their injuries, and be in a position again to take the field, if required.

I have the honor to be, Sir, your most obedient servant,

(Signed)

H. NANGLE, Capt., Major of Brigade.

Col. Lowry, Commanding Field Force, Fort Erie.

THE MAJOR-GENERAL AND THE VOLUNTEERS.

Brigade Order, Toronto, June 18th, 1866.

Major-General Napier, C.B., commanding first military district, Canada West, cannot allow the volunteers under his command to return home without tendering them his best thanks for the patriotic way they responded to the Governor General's call for further services, as well as for their general good conduct, whilst in the field, although only a few were fortunate enough to be engaged with the enemy. The whole force were equally ready and anxious to meet him. The Major-General feels sure that should their services be again required they will show the same fine spirit, and turn out to a man in the defence of their country. The Major-General in bidding them farewell for the present, trust that they will keep up their present efficient state, which can only be done by constantly attending to their drill whenever they have an opportunity of doing so.

By order, signed,

H. NANGLE, Captain and Brigade Major.

Ottawa, August, 4th.

The following despatch from the Colonial Secretary to Lord Monck is published in to-day's official *Gazette*:—

Downing Street, 11th July, 1866.

MY LORD,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your Lordship's despatch, No. 55, of the 14th June, in which you brought to my predecessor's notice the patriotism and devotion exhibited during the late Fenian disturbances by Canadians resident in Chicago, who, on hearing of the seizure of Fort Erie, gave up their various employments in order to return to Canada to offer their services for the defence of their country. You also report that a large number of Canadians, resident in New York, expressed to you, through Her Majesty's Consul, their willingness to abandon their several occupations in that city, to assist in the defence of Canada against Fenian attacks. I cannot express to your Lordship the high sense entertained by Her Majesty's government of the spirit and loyalty thus evinced; and I trust that such patriotic conduct will go far to prevent the repetition of such criminal attempts as have recently been made at Fort Erie and St. Albans.

I have, &c.,

(Signed)

CARNARVON.

To His Excellency Lord Monck.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

 ENSIGN McEACHREN—By REV. W. STEPHENSON.

This gallant officer was a native of Islay, Scotland, and was born January 28th, 1831. In early life he had duly impressed on his consideration the worth of those principles which tend so strongly to the formation of a true and manly character. His education might be pronounced liberal; and at one time it was understood to be his purpose to enter the christian ministry. Circumstances, however, overruled this purpose, and he turned his attention to secular pursuits. Being studious, circumspect, and industrious in his habits, and moreover possessing an unobtrusive and amiable disposition, he won, while yet very young, the notice and consideration of many amongst whom he moved. For a number of years he resided with his family in Lower Canada, where, through vigorous exercise, the bracing influence of climate, and a prudential deportment, his frame, perhaps not naturally the most robust, was knitted into a firm strength and power of endurance. He was known to us as one capable of varied and prolonged activities, and as eminently qualified, in this particular, for the part he essayed in the defence of his country. He had disciplined himself to integrity and a high sense of honour, and was one to whom the honour of his country had long been a sort of passion. Not thirsting for strife, he was prepared to meet it; not seeking occasion, he must do or die if it offer. The occasion did offer; and on the memorable 2nd of June, he rushed into the gap of his country, faced her enemies in the gate, and, bravely fighting, bravely fell. Ensign McEachren was not "alone in his glory," but it is hazarding nothing to say that a nobler, a more chivalrous hero did not grace the battlefield at Limestone Ridge. He had the confidence of his comrades in arms, and when he was borne "fresh and gory" from the arena of combat, many a heart sighed and many a manly eye awarded its tear. The Ensign was recognised as a good man and a christian. In early youth he had united with the church of his fathers (the Congregational), in connection with which Church he continued some seven years. He afterward joined the Wesleyan community, of which Church he remained a consistent member to the day of his death. The *Christian Guardian*, speaking of him says: "He sought as a christian to be useful, and in this he was not disappointed. His zeal for the Lord's House was fervent and abiding. The fire was ever burning on the altar. When not in his place he had a *reason*, not an *excuse*, for his non-appearance. He delighted in prayer. He knew its worth. It was his vital breath, his native air. In the Sabbath-school he found a congenial sphere. His interest in it was felt, his activities were appreciated, and his works follow him." The same article goes on to say that, "As a child he was filial, reverential, obedient; as a husband, he was sympathetic, active, persevering; as a father, he was tender, affectionate, assiduous—yea, he yearned with intensest affection for every member of his household. In his commercial relations he was regarded as a man of strictest integrity; he was industrious and painstaking, and hence he had the confidence of all who knew him in this department of life." The loss of such a citizen, friend, hero, is a loss not easily repaired. It is, however, a matter of greatest satisfaction that he died when he did, and where he did: when, in view of his preparedness; where, in view of the cause for which he yielded up his life. He left a widow and five small children to mourn their loss; but it must ever be to them a source of gratification that the husband and the father thus so nobly died at his post. He died in the 35th year of his age.

PRIVATE TEMPEST.

William Fairbanks Tempest, who was killed in the skirmish at Ridgeway, was connected with the Gould Street Presbyterian Church. A discourse suitable to the occasion was delivered on Sunday forenoon, June 17, by the Rev. J. M. King, M.A., Pastor of the Church, from the text, "And I heard a voice

from Heaven saying unto me—Write—blessed are the dead which die in the Lord henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours and their works do follow them.” From the printed report we make the following abridgment:—In the introduction to the discourse, the preacher spoke of death as not in itself a blessing—as an event which we cannot contemplate without pain, apart from faith, in Him who has taken away its sting, and in that eternal home of which He has made it the gateway—but that while not in itself desirable, the state of being to which it introduces the faithful follower of Christ is eminently so; while to die is not a blessing, “the dead are blessed who die in the Lord.” In closing the discourse, reference was made to the character of the deceased, and the cause in which he fell. * * * * *

Seldom has any city, never has this one, been so stirred up with grief, has been such deep and general weeping, as on that 5th of June, when, as that procession passed along our streets, it was as if every mother had lost a son or a husband, and every sister a brother. The sight can never be forgotten by any who witnessed it, and cannot fail to exert a lofty and purifying influence, so long as it is remembered. It will help to fire patriotic hearts, to nerve brave arms, should our country ever need them for its defence. A country that is dearer, more sacred to us than ever, because of the blood thus shed in its behalf. I do not feel that these considerations are unsuitable either to this place or to the day of God. Religion has nothing to lose—much to gain by the exhibition of willing sacrifice for the country’s good. There are other considerations, however, yet more appropriate to the circumstances in which we are met. The cause was a good one. What of those who fell in it? what of him who used to worship within these walls? Of the spiritual condition of more than one from this church who stood on that field of danger, I know comparatively little. Of his whom we this day mourn, I know a good deal. A little more than two months ago I had a brief but deeply interesting conversation with the departed. I shall not soon forget the readiness with which he spoke of his own highest interests; his frank and straightforward replies to questions which, in the case of very many of his age, would have been met by silence—the tenderness of conscience—the depth and purity of moral feeling—the scrupulous regard for the honour of Christ, which were then revealed. The testimony thus given to his faith on Christ, the desire to honour him, would have been preserved in silent thankfulness had he lived. I owe it to you, who so sincerely mourn his loss now that he has died, to share it with you. What he was as a son and as a brother, how considerate, how loved, how almost more loving, I may not here say. All who were acquainted with him would bear willing testimony to his singular gentleness and candour, to his quite rare transparency of character and generosity of heart—to his scrupulous regard for truth and duty. And I believe his beautiful characteristics rested, at least in these later days, on qualities higher still—on a deep sense of his own unworthiness before God, a sincere faith in the one Saviour, and an humble but earnest desire to honour him in life; on qualities which find their most congenial home in the presence of God, in the home of the redeemed. If God has transferred him thither, that they may unfold in new beauties there, even through an instrumentality so cruel, shall we repine? Shall we not rather say, “The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.” While we mourn the loss of one so good and dutiful, so manly and yet so gentle, let us also rejoice that we had such an one to lose. He went on that expedition from which he was not to return, not because he saw no danger in it, not because he was carried along by the enthusiasm of the hour, but because he felt it to be his duty, and he went putting his trust in God. An expression of that trust were the last words which he spoke on leaving his home. Has that trust deceived him? Nay, if we have understood his character aright, God has crowned it with immortal joy in saying to him, who was so little fit for a rough and designing world, “Come up hither,” for “Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labours and their works do follow them.”

A PROCLAMATION BY PRESIDENT JOHNSON AGAINST THE FENIANS.

"By the President of the United States of America—A proclamation.

"Whereas it has become known to me that certain evil disposed persons have, within the territory and jurisdiction of the United States, begun and set on foot, and have provided and prepared, and are still engaged in providing and preparing, means for such a military expedition and enterprise to be carried on from territory and jurisdiction of the United States against colonies, districts and people of British North America within the dominions of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, with which said colonies, districts, and people, and Kingdom, the United States are at peace, and whereas the proceedings aforesaid constitute a high misdemeanor, forbidden by the laws of the United States as well as by the laws of nations.

"Now, therefore, for the purpose of preventing the carrying on of the unlawful expedition and enterprise aforesaid from the territory and jurisdiction of the United States, and to maintain the public peace, as well as the national honor and enforce obedience and respect to the laws of the United States.

"I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do admonish and warn all good citizens of the United States against taking part or in anywise aiding, countenancing or abetting such unlawful proceedings; and I do exhort all judges, magistrates, marshals and officers in service of the United States to employ all their lawful authority and power to prevent and defeat the aforesaid unlawful proceedings, and to arrest and bring to justice all persons who may be engaged therein, and in pursuance to the Act of Congress in such cases made and provided.

"I do furthermore authorize and empower Major General G. G. Meade, commander of the military division of the Atlantic, to employ the land and naval forces of the United States and militia thereof to arrest and prevent the setting on foot and carrying on the expedition and enterprise aforesaid. In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

"Done in the city of Washington the sixth day of June, in the year of our Lord 1866, and in the independence of the United States the 90th.

"ANDREW JOHNSON.

"By the President,

"WM. H. SEWARD,

"Secretary of State."

THE TREATMENT OF THE FENIAN DEAD—LETTER FROM COL.
LOWRY.

We take from the Buffalo papers the following communication addressed to Rev. Dr. Shelton, in regard to the treatment of the dead and wounded Fenians.

"Camp, Fort Erie, June 7, 1866.

"MY DEAR DR. SHELTON,—It would be endless to endeavour to correct the gross errors of newspaper reports, yet I am so shocked by the assertions that indignities have been practised upon the dead Fenians falling into the hands of the forces under my command, that I avail myself of my acquaintance with you to give those assertions a most positive denial. To the wounded coming under my notice, medical, as well as personal attention was promptly provided. I ordered the burial of the dead, and inquiries, which I have now made, in the fullest detail possible, under the circumstances in which I am placed, satisfy me that they have suffered no indignity whatever. Some of the bodies have been disinterred, and in no case have the friends of the dead found cause for complaint or expressed any. Indeed those friends have received offers of assistance from me as to the disinterment, and I gave permission, on first en-

tering the village, that the worst cases of the wounded might be sent over to their friends at Buffalo.

"The story about firing at your Consul here, is just as gross, and turns out to have been the act of one of the Fenians themselves.

"I am very much occupied, but I beg you will remember me to your good bishop, and communicate what I have said to him. Possessed of the facts here stated, perhaps either of you might see well, in any way you like, to put in their proper light assertions repugnant to humanity.

"I remain, Rev. and dear Sir,

"Yours very faithfully,

"R. W. LOWRY."

THE FENIANS AND CATHOLICISM.

SERMON BY THE BISHOP OF KINGSTON.

The Right Rev. Dr. Horan preached on Sunday, June 10, at St. Mary's Cathedral, his text being taken from the 22nd chapter of St. Matthew, 21st verse. The following is a synopsis of the Bishop's remarks, which were given with much eloquence and fervent energy. He said that obedience to the laws, and to the lawfully constituted authorities of the country, was required of every man, and to uphold and maintain the government of the country was a duty which no good citizen would refuse to perform, more particularly when its institutions were sought to be overthrown or its soil invaded. He deeply deplored the late wicked invasion of the country by a mob of marauders and freebooters, and much did he regret that the name of Ireland should have been invoked to plunder the peaceable citizens of a country that never did them or their country harm, but, on the contrary, afforded to thousands of Irishmen happy homes and free altars, and where civil and religious liberties, the pride of every true-hearted Canadian, whether by birth or adoption, were secured to them and their children. These marauders were not true sons of Ireland, for the people of that loved land had disowned them and their organization. The Holy Father, Pius IX., had denounced them, the bishops and priests of both Ireland and America had denounced them. The Catholic Church had expelled them from her fold—for the fact of belonging to a Fenian organization was of itself sufficient to cause them to be excommunicated. They were not Catholics, for they had neglected both her advice and her teachings. It was the first time this cathedral had been desecrated by having pronounced within its sacred walls the hated name of Fenian, and he trusted it would be the last. It was unnecessary for him to inculcate loyalty to the throne and allegiance to the gracious lady that reigned over them. It was not only a duty, but an injunction sacred in its observance. He hoped there was not a Fenian in this city, or in all his diocese; and he believed that all Catholics in it were prepared like men to strike in defence of their altars, their homes, and their little ones. Sympathy was sought to be invoked for these dissolute men, on the ground that patriotism, and not plunder, was their object. Surely it was not love of Ireland that induced the Fenians of Ireland to send emissaries among the Irish people to endeavour to undermine their faith, and to teach them to disregard the counsel and advice of their pastors—a people singularly devoted and obedient to the voice of the ministers of their holy religion. Was it sympathy for Ireland, or a detestation of the wrongs of her people, that influenced the pseudo-patriots to rob the hardworking and honest sons and daughters of Ireland in America of their well-earned dollars, in order that the leaders of this organization in debauchery and crime might injure this country? Surely it was not patriotism, but ruffianism of the most despicable character. Was it not rapine and plunder that induced the Fenian horde to cross the Niagara river and invade the homes of the peaceful inhabitants of that locality, and when resistance was offered, to shoot and slay the gallant defend-

ers of the country, carrying sorrow and grief into many a Canadian home? "Soldiers and volunteers," the Bishop said, "this day do we invoke the blessing of Heaven upon you to keep and strengthen you in arms, and may God bless and preserve you, for it is you who are the true patriots, who, in the performance of acts of heroism done in nobly defending your country's flag, that are deserving of applause, that flag that has been borne gallantly by Irishmen through many a well-fought battle and on many a victorious field, in every quarter of the globe. It is Irishmen whose actions, both in the field and in the council, have helped to make England great and respected in every clime, and whose escutcheon was never tarnished by having in its ranks a recreant or coward." The Bishop concluded after inculcating at some length the moral duties of Catholics towards Protestants, and towards each other, and enjoined peace, harmony and unity in the ranks of the people, at this the hour of their country's trial, and said that when he met a volunteer soldier his heart warmed to him, for he knew what great sacrifices he had made in leaving his home to defend our homes and firesides. The gallantry of the Canadian militia was a matter of history; their valor and their loyalty were undoubted, and deserved not only the praise of man but the sanction of Heaven.

THE FENIAN PRISONERS—LETTER FROM T. D'ARCY MCGEE.

The following letter, in reply to one written by Father Hendricken, of Waterbury, Conn., to Mr. McGee, in behalf of a captured Fenian of that place explains itself:—

Ottawa, Thursday, June 14, 1866.

DEAR FATHER HENDRICKEN,—I am in receipt of your request that I should use my influence to save Terence McDonnell, of Waterbury, now a Fenian prisoner in our hands, from the consequences of his own criminal folly, in lending himself to the late invasion of this country.

There are few things you could ask me to do which I would cheerfully do for "auld lang syne." My recollections of Waterbury, its pastor and its people, are all most pleasing and gratifying. But, my dear old friend, this thing you ask cannot be done. Terence McDonnell, like the rest of his comrades, left his home, his family duties, if he had any, his honest employment, if he followed one, to come several hundreds of miles, to murder our border people—for this Fenian filibustering was murder, not war. What had Canada or Canadians done to deserve such an assault? What had the widow of our brave McEachren done to Terence McDonnell that he and his comrades should leave her with five fatherless little ones to invoke the wrath of Heaven upon the destroyers of her husband? What had our gallant countryman, Ensign Fahay done to them that he should lie crippled for life at their hands? What did our eight young Canadians—the darlings of mothers and sisters and wives—the flower of our College corps—do to deserve their bloody fate in the Fort Erie affair? The person for whom you ask my intercession was one of those who sought out people on our soil, and maimed and slew as many as they could: and those who sent them have exulted in the exploit. They must take, therefore, the consequences of their own act.

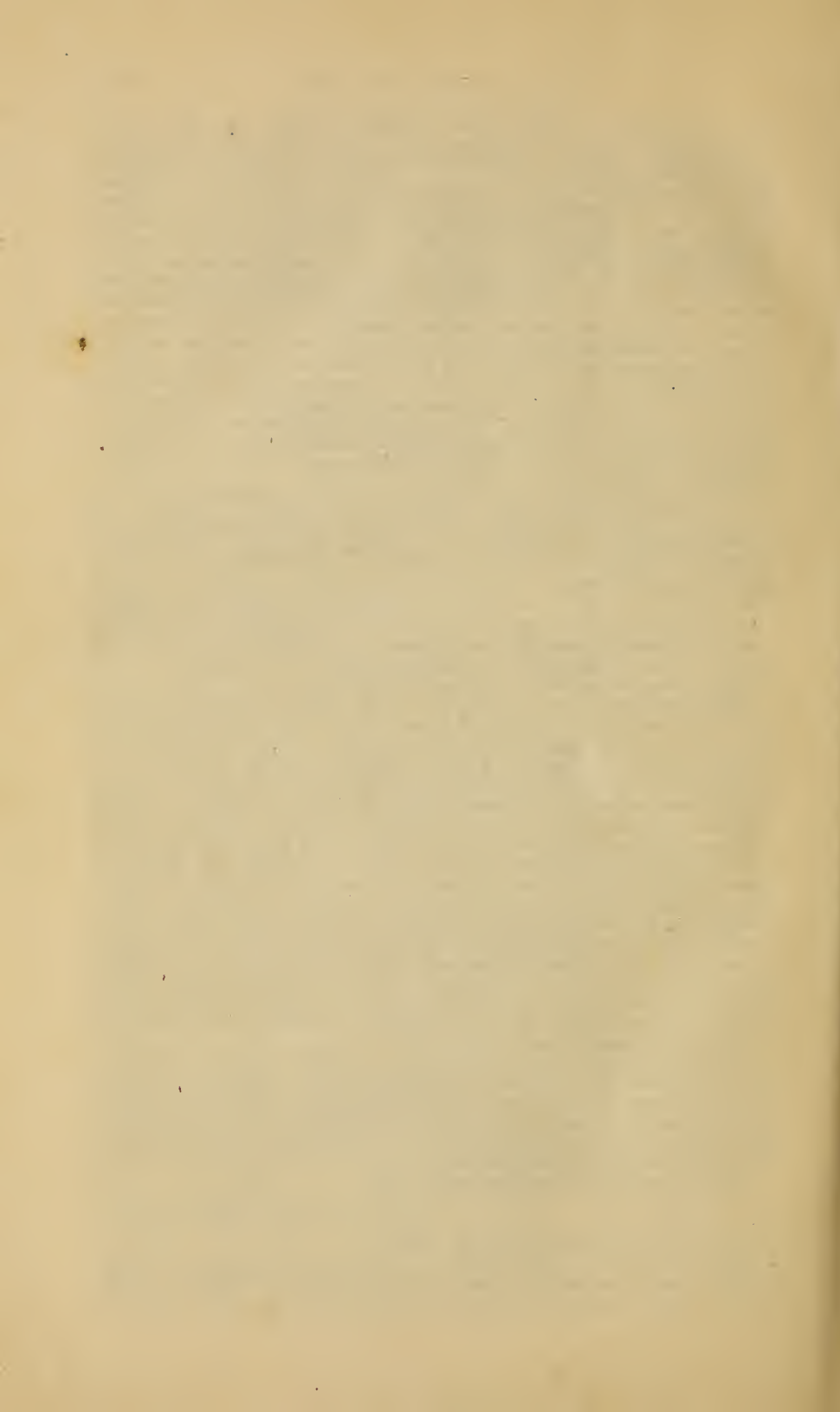
I need hardly say to you who have been in Canada, and know how free, how orderly, and how religious this people are, that no spirit of vengeance will direct the trials of the accused. McDonnell and all the Fenians will have every justice done to them, publicly, in the broad light of day, but to whatever punishment the law hands him over, no word of mine can ever be spoken in mitigation, not even, under these circumstances, if he were my own brother.

I grieve that I must deny you; but so it is.

Yours very truly,

T. D'ARCY MCGEE.

Rev. T. F. Hendricken, Waterbury, Conn.



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